THE New Republic

Can Republicans Ever Elect Another Congress?

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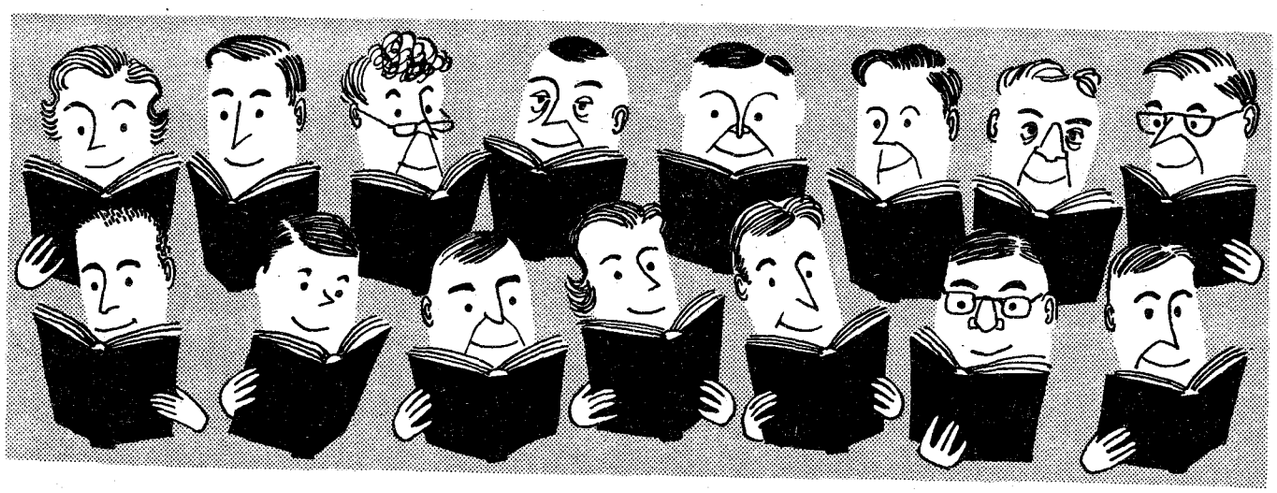
EISENHOWER

The Decisive Test

Chaos in Viet-Nam . . . . *Colin Jackson*

The Promised Land. . *Henry R. Luce*



NEW BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

DECEMBER 6, 1954

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T. R. B.

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Washington Wire

Big news does not always hit the headlines. Sometime in the past six months occurred the biggest news in Washington. It was Ike's decision that we have reached atomic stalemate, that he will not risk a military solution of the Cold War, that competitive co-existence must continue for a long time with emphasis on economic factors, particularly in Asia. These decisions are crucial. To this column they seem intelligent. But they mark a foreign policy reversal. They threaten to split Ike's party. The question is, can he implement them? That requires a bit of background.

Congress threatens usurpation of Ike's foreign policy control. Such a drive has followed most wars; strong Presidents defeat it. Ike has weakened himself by inconsistency, and by a certain political dilettantism. As to the first, note the reversal of these 1952 campaign positions: A balanced budget was implied; but now Ike has indefinitely postponed it (wisely, we think). Ike promised, or made farmers think he promised, 100-percent parity; this is dropped. He promised full support of TVA; now comes Dixon-Yates. He tried to appease McCarthy and more than any other man made himself responsible for not slapping McCarthy down when it would have hurt Eisenhower and his party least; now he wants McCarthy disciplined. Ike started his Presidency with a hands-off motion about Congress, reversed himself when he found it didn't work and fought the Bricker Amendment in self-defense. But even so he weakly dropped his tariff program. All these switches have confused his party and increased his problems.

As to "political dilettantism," Ike has to run the Presidency and have his golf and fishing, too. He has cut press conferences. He is the first President in modern times who doesn't read the papers. As the *Milwaukee Journal* says, "No modern President has such a record of absenteeism." In his first year he was out of Washington almost one-third of the time; the 1954 score will be about the same. The sympathetic press does not criticize the President. But anxious reporters ask themselves privately how strongly he holds the reins of government in his own hands.

Now comes the biggest policy reversal of all, in foreign affairs. The Republicans took office pooh-poohing economic Point Four and attacking Acheson "containment" as too weak. The Dulles-Eisenhower policy was aggressive, and started with thunders of slogans. Now Ike has swung around; it is an about-face. We are delighted at the change. As Ike learned the meaning of H-bomb warfare he got religion. He has twice already in six months rejected the Take-a-Chance-on-War Party, at Dien Bien Phu, and at Formosa. Now in the past fortnight everybody in Washington knows the Administration has briefed the press on the new thesis: the necessity to boost non-Communist Asian countries with long-range economic assistance. Former Budget Director Joseph Dodge has been called back to mobilize the policy.

To this column Ike's new, avowed moderation seems splendid. We do not mean to carp in pointing out three difficulties. First is GOP Senate leader Knowland & Co. Knowland followed Ike-Dulles in their "tough" phase but he is now left out on a limb. We size up Knowland as wrong-headed but immensely sincere and earnest. He is also formidable. Second difficulty is McCarthy: Ike tried to appease him and now Joe is catalyzing all the crackpot conservatives and patrioteers in what, fundamentally, is an attack on Ike. And finally there are The Economy Boys. How they have laughed in the past at "Point Four Globaloney"! Now Ike calls back banker Joe Dodge, of all people—the man who was ready for any suicidal economy to balance the budget—to mobilize economic aid for Asia! It has its funny side, like sending strong-jawed George Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury, down to the Rio Economic Conference to infuriate all the Latins by his sound businessman's approach. We would as soon have thought of Messrs. Dodge-Humphrey organizing a big program for have-not nations as we would of Messrs. Dixon-Yates playing Santa Claus to TVA.

In summary, however, Ike has definitely adopted the moderate policy. It may split the Republican Party, but in spite of Red China's provocations, we think most Democrats, and the American people, will go along.

The McCarthy battle starts up all over again, every day deepening the split in the Republican Party. Extreme right-wing and isolationist groups rally around Joe; as Eric Sevareid says, these divergent groups "have at least a basic emotional condition in common and that is anger—anger at the whole course of American domestic and foreign affairs over the last 25 years . . . they seem to feel that their opponents are not quite patriotic. . . . " Was McCarthy really sick? His ardent supporter, John Fox, publisher of *The Boston Post*, says that was all "a lot of nonsense." There were strategic reasons for interrupting the Senate performance. Mr. Fox continues: "So Senator McCarthy got a 'shattered' elbow. It wasn't shattered at all, of course. As a matter of fact, there wasn't much wrong with it at all. But they had to stop the show somehow." Nice to be frank about it, anyway.

Here's comment from another conservative, John O'Donnell, columnist of the *New York Daily News* and *The Chicago Tribune*. "After a lot of thought we've come up with the answer to the constant Washington question: 'What makes Ike unsuited to the game of politics?' " he writes. "The answer is: 'Ike doesn't read the papers'." O'Donnell explains that "the boys do his reading for him and tell him the story in synopsis form." As contrasted to this O'Donnell says FDR read the papers: "A diabolical genius, yes—but still a genius," he observes of Roosevelt. As to Ike, O'Donnell adds, "the boys around him hesitate about telling him the bad news." That comment, be it observed, is not ours, but from the GOP right-wing.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

McCarthy's Ten Days

TWO WEEKS ago, Joe McCarthy was sure that time was on his side: retired generals and admirals led his anti-censure petition campaign, private citizens from various parts of the country arrived in the capital to pressure their Senators for him, a Catholic priest, Monsignor E. R. Martin of the Bronx, had charged that McCarthy was being attacked "solely because of his Catholic ideals" and Martin's superiors, when asked, did not contradict him. So McCarthy went to the hospital with a sore elbow and the Senate debate was postponed for 10 days. "Time," said Sen. Everett Dirksen (R, Ill.), "is a great healer."

But when the Senate reconvened on November 29, it was McCarthy who asked that a time limit be set on debate. It seems his gamble failed, that time betrayed McCarthy by "healing" not the wounds of those he had insulted, but the myopia of some he had frightened and of others he had deceived.

Many Senators went home during McCarthy's 10 days. Those who did not read their mail. In the meantime the "peepul" (mostly generals) who "love Joe" and the McCarthy phalanx on Capitol Hill worked very hard. One gain was registered in the Senate: an influential member of the Republican Policy Committee, Milton R. Young of North Dakota, declared for McCarthy. Young can be counted on to command some votes. But the mail many Senators have been reading as well as what others found out back home makes it improbable that Southern and other conservatives will join the McCarthy-radicals.

There are many reasons why time turned against McCarthy. One is that the deliberate introduction of Catholicism as a political issue—prominent Catholic churchmen and laymen have played key roles in the anti-censure petition drive—has alienated Protestants who are receptive to a religious-political argument as well as Catholics who deplore the tactic and fear its consequences.

Another is that McCarthy's appeal to many "little people" as a rebel willing to stand up and fight the "authorities," was spoiled when the leaders of his "petition-for-justice" drive turned out to be almost exclusively Army and Navy "brass." And McCarthy's pose as a tough hero was ruined when he rushed to a hospital because of a bruised elbow. McCarthy's injury is popularly known as "miner's elbow"; thousands of miners know what it amounts to. And to hundreds of thousands of others who work in factories, on construction jobs or on farms, who get hurt often, expect to, and work anyway, the entire performance was transparent and ridiculous.

Through the Loophole

THERE are two things the American public knows almost nothing about: How much is spent on elections and how much is spent to influence Congress. By setting arbitrary limits on campaign spending, the Federal Corrupt Practices Act of 1907 actually forces candidates and parties to falsify by various legal means, their expenditure reports in an age of television and radio. The authors of the Federal Regulation of Lobbying Act of 1946 tried to write a better law by setting no limits but requiring that any person or organization which receives or spends money for "the principal purpose of aiding or influencing legislation" must file sworn quarterly reports of what they spend. The idea was that it is more important that the public know how much each pressure group spends to influence legislation than to set up an un-enforceable limit. But the law now written is vague; there is no specified form for the required reports. Many lobbyists, the biggest spenders especially, have known how to use this loophole to avoid any really accurate accounting. But there was until recently a limit to what would fit through that hole, and the quarterly reports had some relation to reality. That has all been changed: the 1954 mid-year reports reveal the hole to be almost as wide as the law itself, and the law reduced to the impotence of the Corrupt Practices Act.

On June 7 of this year, the Supreme Court put an end to the National Association of Manufacturers' drive to have the Lobbying Act declared unconstitutional. But although it upheld the legality of the Act, the Court in effect rewrote it by defining lobbying as "direct communication with members of Congress." Justices Robert Jackson, William Douglas and Hugo Black dissented, protesting that the ruling created a new, and inferior law.

It is new and it is inferior. Figures on lobby spending for the first six months of 1954 have just been released. During the first six months of last year, the National Association of Electric Companies topped the list with reported expenditures of $268,937; this year it

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reports only $47,649 and is in 16th place. In fourth place last year with $88,765 spent during the first six months was the American Medical Association; this year it reports $20,041. The US Chamber of Commerce's first-half expenditures in 1953 amounted to $67,257, placing it fifth in the nation; this year $12,925. And so it goes down the list.

The giant lobbies make no pretense of having curtailed their activities. The amounts declared this year, they admit freely, represent only what "may be construed as required to be reported" in view of the Supreme Court ruling. Cost of printing and distributing "literature" designed to influence legislation no longer is included—nor is the cost of radio or television propaganda. The percentage of time their lobbyists actually spend with legislators is calculated, and only that percentage of their salary reported; similarly, only a fraction of the expense of maintaining a Washington office is included.

Soon after the June 7 decision, Sen. Mike Monroney (D, Okla.), co-sponsor of the present law, and Rep. Charles G. Oakman (R, Mich.) declared their intention to press for a new and better law. Until, and unless, they succeed, the American public can expect to know less and less about what is spent by whom to push or block legislation, for the groups which didn't catch on fast enough and found themselves listed as top spenders on the new list of lobbyists won't be caught again.

A Setback for Labour

JUST AS the Labour Party seemed to be moving out of the confusion which has so often muffled its voice in the last few years, a combination of incidents has plunged it into depression. The first trouble came over the parliamentary debate on the Paris Treaties about Germany. The week before this debate, the Labour M.P.s had voted by a majority of nearly two to one in favor of ratifying these treaties, and the Bevanites among the minority had let it be known that they would not contest this decision. The Standing Orders binding every Labour M.P. do allow for abstention in the case where an M.P. has conscientious objections to a majority decision. But since no formal vote is taken in the House of Commons unless at least two members wish to vote actively against a motion, it was hoped that the government motion in favor of ratifying the Paris Treaties might be accepted without a division so that the Labour Party would not be required to expose its internal disagreements.

During the debate, however, it became known that a tiny group mainly of pacifist Labour M.P.s were determined to force a division. And the Labour Shadow Cabinet, in the hope of limiting the damage, ordered all Labour M.P.s to abstain from voting if a division were forced. This in itself infuriated many of those who supported the Paris treaties, and who felt that after four powerful official Labour speeches in favor of ratification, the Labour Party should vote with the government in case of need. In the event the pacifists did force a division. Six Labour M.P.s voted against the treaties, one in favor, while the rest glumly abstained—a melancholy finale to the long argument about German rearmament.

In the unhappy sequel, all the seven M.P.s who had defied Party orders were temporarily excluded from the Parliamentary Labour Party, though not from the Labour Party as a whole. But even this penalty, recommended by a Shadow Cabinet which had just been confirmed in power, received little more than a bare majority.

Distaste at this episode was all the more bitter because the Labour Party suffered a grievous disappointment at the West Derby by-election. Both parties had thought that this marginal constituency might well be won by Labour, particularly since the by-election came at the moment between General Elections when the government party's popularity is normally at its lowest. In fact, however, the Conservatives increased their previous majority of 1,707 by 801. This result contradicts the findings of recent Gallup Polls, and it is always dangerous to base inferences about national trends on the results in one by-election. But there is no doubt that West Derby has immensely heartened the Conservatives, many of whom are now calling for an immediate General Election.

Churchill answered these demands in a speech to his constituents on his eightieth birthday. He said that the government had no intention of going to the country at present. And indeed the Conservatives have many reasons for waiting. Their next budget, in April, is likely to give benefits to many sections of the community. By then the old age pensioners may also have received a raise.

On the other hand, Churchill's personal intentions remain as mysterious as those of Malenkov. The Conservatives now take it for granted that he will lead them in the next election, instead of handing over in advance to Eden. But though they all hope that the election will come sometime next year, they are beginning to develop the awful suspicion that the old man will drag them all through the whole of next year into 1956, when they may be forced by law into an election at the worst possible moment for themselves.

London DENIS HEALEY, M.P.

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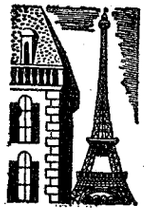
Paris Dispatch TRIUMPH BRINGS TROUBLES

Pierre Mendes-France's trip to the US was too successful for his own political good at home. A moderate success, rather better let's say than the ones achieved by other French Premiers since the end of the war, would surely have helped him face and overcome his domestic problems. But the success was reported over here to have been sensational, phenomenal, unprecedented since the days of men like Clemenceau. And that has hurt Mendès-France in the two political places that count most, in the National Assembly and in the Left-of-Center area of public opinion. His problems are therefore worse—and also rather different—than they were before he left home.

To begin with, the success was too much a personal triumph for the man himself. Inevitably this stirred up a particularly turgid brew of envy and enmity among some of the men in the Assembly on whom the Premier may have to depend in order to carry through his program or even to survive in office. And there is no secret that the persons affected by this poison include members of the Cabinet. Then the Premier's conquest of the areas of US public opinion that had suspected him of a variety of sins—creeping Socialism at home, neutralism or even crypto-Communism abroad—was strikingly apparent.

It isn't an advantage for a French statesman whose greatest strength has come from the liberals, the anti-Communist Left and the moderates of the Left-of-Center generally, to be called a "superman" by Secretary Dulles and a "great guy" by editors of US newspapers notorious for their anti-New Dealism. Nor is it an advantage for the acclaim which the Premier won in the US to find echoes in quite a different area of French public opinion, that is, among men of the classical Right of big business and crypto-McCarthyism who had done everything in their power to obstruct him in the past.



The Premier's trip does in fact mark a major turning point in his official career. He has often said that to govern is to make choices; and now he will have to make a choice on which the nature and direction of his future orientation depend. Either he will have to prove that, far from being a superhuman darling of the American conservatives, he remains a man devoted by deeds as well as words to progressive liberalism. Or he will have to change the center of gravity of his following and program, moving to—and perhaps beyond—the Right of Center. French politics is full of examples of such a progression from Left to Right: Clemenceau, Millerand, Laval, Deat, Frossard. Although there has been as yet no overt sign that Mendès-France is taking this course, the labor movement is full of suspicions.

On the other hand, Pierre Brisson, editor of the *Figaro* of Paris, the influential newspaper of the Right which speaks for big business, has extended the hand of friendship to Mendès-France, on condition that he get rid of some of his supporters and "deliver himself of the last groups of crypto-Communists and fellow-travelers that still cling to him." Brisson said in a front-page editorial that the Premier could "count on us"—the classical Right—to carry out this liberation, now that he had "re-established French continuity" which, in the context, meant continued the work of the previous French governments of the Right.

Brisson's editorial contained a direct personal attack on Hubert Beuve-Mery, editor of the *Monde,* as a man whose "heart sighs and languishes with hope, dreaming of the Kremlin's smiles." The controversy between the two men which continued in print for several days was the bitterest public quarrel between two leading figures in journalism since the war. In effect, Brisson accused Beuve-Mery of trying to draw Mendès-France toward a doctrine of independence in foreign policy that cloaks a Communism-serving neutralism. On the other hand, Beuve-Mery implied that Brisson was forcing the Premier away from the idea of co-existence to which Eisenhower now seems to be leaning.

It will not be on the foreign policy, however, that Mendès-France will soon have to take the stand which will reveal the choice he has made. Whether or not he remains in office, and on what program or platform he remains there, until the date—next May—which he has suggested for the Four-Power talks with the Soviets, depends on domestic policy, on economic matters, and on the form he gives the national budget.

Thus far, in the proposed budgets for the various government departments, there is very little to suggest the promised New Deal. On the contrary, the Premier's economic and financial policies as reflected in these budgets differ very little from those of his predecessors in office. In addition, the serious controversy between his ideas and those of Edgar Fauré, his Minister of Finance, remains wide open. As a matter of fact, Fauré has acted during his superior's absence in the US very much in the manner of a man who expected soon to be moving upstairs politically.

Mendès-France will have to act himself, quickly, firmly and clearly, if he is to maintain his prestige with Left-of-Center opinion. Not only the political situation but also the economic situation demands such action, and not because the latter is poor. On the contrary, France's economic situation is better now than it has been at any previous time since the end of the war. Business is flourishing, production is expanding, prices are relatively stable, unemployment is decreasing. If the system is to be changed, and if, quickly, the people on the bottom are to get their fair shares from the boom, the time is now.

The personal situation of Mendès-France on his return from the US brings to mind the situation of Adlai Stevenson during the 1952 campaign. If French votes could have been cast for Stevenson, he would have won by a landslide. Similarly, if US votes could be counted for Mendès-France in the Assembly, he would be well in the clear. They can't. Mendès-France will have to win them; and first, he will have to decide what kind of votes he wants, hence what kind of France.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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GERALD W. JOHNSON

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The Superficial Aspect

L'IL ABNER NIXON, that Red-Blooded American Boy, achieved one effect in the late campaign that the pious must approve. He drove even the ungodly to prayer. I estimate that not less than 67 percent was added both to the frequency and to the fervor of their petitions for the continued good health of the President of the United States.

But here is a prediction that soon it will appear that he achieved another effect—he used himself up. By 1956, far from standing as the Heir Apparent, he will no longer figure prominently in the Privy Council, and will probably go the way of Henry Wallace in the Democratic convention of 1944.

This is admittedly a risky guess, in flat contradiction of the view of many political observers, some very shrewd, but it is based on observation, not on intuition. As a political operations officer Nixon was guilty of two capital errors: in the first place, his strategy failed; and in the second place it has embarrassed and will continue to embarrass his commander.

It was against his original judgment that Eisenhower was persuaded to engage in bitter partisanship in this mid-term campaign. He knew that he was not elected as a partisan and at the start thought he should and said he would stand as President of all the people. Nixon was one of those who persuaded him to abandon that attitude and throw his great personal influence into the fight to save Congress for the Republican Party.

If the effort had succeeded, success might have justified it; but it only checked without stopping the Democratic landslide. So Ike finds himself in the position of a commander who has been deluded into committing his reserves without achieving victory in an action that is only preliminary to the main engagement. He cannot be enthusiastic about those who urged this error upon him.

More than that, his excursion into partisanship has already inflicted on him the humiliation of having to eat his own words. That unhappy prediction of a "cold war" between White House and Capitol has been publicly swallowed. Eisenhower did it promptly and with good grace; but it could not have been pleasant to tell a roomful of reporters that he had been indulging in the kind of bunk that every soap-box bawler throws around.

Worst of all he knows now, or he will very soon know, that there remains a large and noisy flock of chickens still to come home to roost. When he laid the whip upon Democratic backs he converted what might have been a "loyal opposition" into a vengeful opposition, under no obligation to regard him as above the battle; and the public, having noted his course in the campaign, will hold the Democrats justified up to a point.

In short, by following the course urged upon him by the group, including Nixon, he gained nothing and lost the advantageous position of a man above party. Eisenhower is too wise and too magnanimous to make any public display of irritation with his subordinates, for, after all, it was his own error; but it is beyond all reason to expect him to hold in grateful affection subordinates who gave him what proved to be almost fabulously bad advice.

Even yet it is not entirely clear how bad that advice was, but it will swiftly become clear once a Democratic Congress is installed. Under the best conditions the President would have had great difficulty in retrieving the errors of the past two years, but his difficulties will be multiplied when he has to deal with a Congress justly resentful not only of the President's own talk of "creeping socialism" but also, and more so, of the Vice President's reckless attempts to attaint the Democratic Party of treason, attempts which the President gave his official blessing four days before the election.

SO WITH passing time making it clearer every day that the advice of the Red-Blooded American Boy led not only to defeat, but to a serious loss of advantage in the main battle of 1956, the standing of Nixon in the hierarchy is bound to deteriorate. Such is the position as of the moment, and there may be added the moral certainty that Nixon will continue to add to the embarrassments of the Administration. For pulling the Eisenhower Administration out of the hole is an enterprise demanding skill, tact and discretion, all on a high level; and if the Vice President is conspicuous for any of these virtues the public has not discovered it.

It is true that Mr. Nixon is adept at wriggling out of jams, but this is not an ordinary jam—it is a matter of appeasing a leader whom he has just about wrecked, and I doubt that it can be done.

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EDITORIAL

Eisenhower—The Decisive Test

WHEN the backers of General Eisenhower presented his Presidential candidacy, they cast him above all else in the role of world peacemaker. It was a role for which he was uniquely qualified and one which commanded the respect of all citizens.

Instead, the President handed foreign policy to the Senate Republicans and so permitted diplomacy to become the instrument of domestic politics. The realities and restraints of containment were sacrificed to the illusions and excesses of liberation. The long-range objectives of economic development were discarded in favor of a short-term reliance on military power. The expansion of military power in turn was placed second to tax reduction. The demands for unconditional surrender were increased while the means for achieving it were diminished until the collapse in Indo-China brought to an end Mr. Dulles' reliance on bluster and bluff.

It was the President on that occasion who finally vetoed the reckless proposals of his own advisers that might have touched off a third world war. And, surveying the ruins of his party's policies, the President has shown signs of taking up at last the role assigned to him in 1952. He is moving back toward the Point Four concept with an economic aid program for Asia. He is moving toward conversations with the Kremlin, in a spirit of moderation that his own party regarded as subversive not long ago.

The immediate cause of the President's new approach is the collapse of the Dulles policy of 1954. More important, however, is the President's own preoccupation with the destructive power of nuclear weapons. Professor A. H. Sturtevant of the California Institute of Technology has argued that "there is no possible escape from the conclusion that the bombs already exploded will ultimately result in the production of numerous defective individuals—if the human race survives for many generations." Dr. E. D. Adrian, the President of the British Royal Society, maintains that "a long war between powers well armed with bombs would certainly produce an order of radioactivity which would involve us all, victors as well as vanquished" and might "end the human race." With full knowledge of these facts President Eisenhower made the terrible and no doubt inescapable decision to base US military strategy on nuclear weapons. That decision is confirmed by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery:

> I want to make it absolutely clear that we at SHAPE are basing all our operational planning on using atomic and thermonuclear weapons in our defense. . . . We have reached the point of no return as regards the use of atomic and thermonuclear weapons in a hot war.

Those are the facts that haunt the President, and lead him to the belief that "there is no alternative to peace." Sen. William F. Knowland has reflected upon the same facts and reached a very different conclusion. He seems to stand fast on the old Dulles formula of massive retaliation, and so, while he calls for a reappraisal of US policy, his real purpose is rather to prevent the reappraisal now under way. For the President apparently is moving toward the position reached by the final review commission established by Secretary Acheson, whose Chairman, ironically, was J. Robert Oppenheimer. The commission recorded the overwhelming destructive power of nuclear weapons. It affirmed that control of these weapons was the over-riding task. It added that control was possible only in a climate of mutual trust. It relegated its brief analysis of a control system to the appendix of its report in the belief that discussion in the current climate of distrust was wholly academic. It bequeathed to statesmen the task of bringing about a climate of trust in which negotiation on the critical issue of nuclear weapons control could be undertaken. That climate plainly is not to be gained at once. It can be approached only by a series of successful negotiations on other disputes. That is the President's approach and the purpose of his actions from the Atoms for Peace Plan to his restrained comment upon the shooting down of American planes.

THE most tentative and hopeful fact on the world horizon is that the new rulers in the Kremlin share to some extent the President's view. Malenkov also has acknowledged that nuclear war would bring about "the end of civilization." Saburov, the Soviet Deputy Premier, has added to an American: "We will not touch you if you don't touch us." These assurances may represent no more than a momentary effort to undermine the ratification of the London and Paris accords. But the American Ambassador in Moscow is more optimistic. Nothing is changed in the Kremlin's appraisal of Communist ascendancy and capitalist decay. No advance is offered toward a real belief in co-existence which means acceptance of the legitimacy of other states and abandonment of efforts directed toward their overthrow. No internal economic or administrative crisis compels the Kremlin to withdraw from Europe or to seek a settlement with the West at any price, and it is still to internal rather than external pressures that we must look in hope of conciliation. Yet if there is no new hardship in Russia, there is, in the Kremlin, a new evaluation of existing misery. The new regime in Moscow is committed, as Stalin's never was, to raising the intolerably low living standards of the Soviet people. The commitment demands a lull, and

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while the end foreseen by the Kremlin may still be world war, the rise in living standards itself may set in motion new reasons for peace.

Beyond this there is a new balance between the Communist and non-Communist nations which argues for negotiation. There is a phony quality in any negotiation which proceeds from disparity, especially one which is eccentric, geographically and psychologically. Disparity, however, has been the invariable pattern in negotiation until now. *Globally* the West has held an enormous superiority through its unimpaired industrial power and its monopoly of nuclear weapons. *Locally* the USSR has held an enormous superiority at almost every point of conflict, due to the proximity of its armies and the political and economic weakness of the forces on our side. Our global superiority has bred in us an attitude of arrogance and under-estimation of the penalties of breakdown. Our local inferiority has bred among our allies an equally dangerous form of neutralism and defeatism.

FOR THESE reasons negotiations since the war have been held under the worst of auspices. But now a new balance is asserting itself. The Kremlin is moving toward global equality in its capacity to devastate the United States. We are moving toward local equality in Northeast Asia and Europe, and with the ratification of the London and Paris accords, the most significant of all steps toward local equality will be accomplished. Fifteen nations are due to ratify that step by March, 1955. Then, in the view of Churchill, Mendès-France and Eisenhower, the way will be open to the most important meeting of the great powers since the war.

For the present certainly the Kremlin is protesting in the most harsh and bitter terms against the rearming of Western Germany and her inclusion in NATO. The Soviet leaders have declared that these moves will foreclose the hopes for German unification and for European peace. They have proposed an undercover partnership in obstruction to General Charles de Gaulle and no doubt to his German counterparts. When these moves fail the Kremlin's next step may well be the creation of a Communist NATO in which the East Zone of Germany is integrated as a permanent member with a recognized armed force. These moves will make much harder the tasks of negotiation. But they will not rule out reversals of Kremlin policy made in the interests of the Soviet state. "In May, 1950," remarked a leading official of the United Nations in commenting on this point, "Malik walked out of the Security Council with such finality that it seemed he could never come back. Six months later, he was acting as Chairman of the Council and setting up drinks in the bar. We looked for traces of embarrassment on his face and there were none. Remember always, the Russians have no self-consciousness."

More important than the loss of prestige is the absence of mutual self-interest on Germany. A permanent division of Germany could lead to a new Locarno if each side were to guarantee the other against an attempt by the Germans to revise their borders by force. Or, unification might be achieved by means acceptable to East and West if the neutralization of Germany could then be assured. Neither of these two solutions seems practicable today, but an interim agreement may be reached confirming the present ceiling on West German armaments, and imposing similar limits on the East German force.

From this agreement others might follow. And yet the Kremlin can hardly afford to move too far toward rapprochment with the West while in Asia its partner is locked in an unfinished civil war against an armed enemy maintained by the United States. We may rage with righteous indignation against the brutal and illegal treatment of our prisoners. But for the Communists compromise is impossible on the basic issue of the defeated enemy, and for the majority of the free nations we remain more aggressor than victim in keeping alive the dangers of an Asian war.

As long as the Chinese civil war continues and we remain committed to the losing side, real progress will be almost impossible toward the President's goal of peace.

So President Eisenhower approaches his decisive moment. The ice is breaking up on the frozen wastes of the Cold War. The dog days of McCarthyism are ending that linked negotiation and appeasement in this country. In Russia the first faint signs are apparent of the mellowing George Kennan once foresaw. All this can be lost if time passes in inaction. The need is for the President of the US to initiate step-by-step the international march toward the time when by common consent the struggle between Communism and democracy will be resolved by means other than nuclear war. Unless the President provides positive leadership the free nations may go their own ways in seeking commerce and security with Russia. If the President fires the imagination of all peoples he can instead drag the Russians along the road to co-operation as he did in his Atoms for Peace plan.

YET foreign policy remains a reflection of domestic attitudes. A weak government at home is unlikely to be forceful and imaginative overseas. A President who fails to exert authority over his own party is unlikely to exert authority abroad. We would have an Asian policy today more in keeping with the present if the President had resisted McCarthy a year ago. By the same logic our Asian policy will not improve until the President is willing to acknowledge and overcome the rebellion of the Republican Old Guard. It is, of course, more difficult for the President to accept the support of Democrats and liberals in combatting his own irresponsibles than it was for President Truman to bring the internationalist Republicans into a working alliance with his own united party. Yet the task is necessary, and dwarfs all partisan considerations. For that reason if he exerts his leadership, the President will deserve from Democrats and liberals sincere and whole-hearted support.

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THE '54 CAMPAIGN

Perspective on the Election

The "Moral Victory" of the Republicans

by V. O. Key, Jr.

MOST OF THE early estimates of the import of the recent elections bore a remarkable similarity. By and large they transformed a Republican defeat into a considerable "moral" victory. This interpretation had the virtue of being both comforting to the losers and consistent with the contrast between the actual event and the expectations on all sides.

A good-humored dissent to the theory of moral victory is in order. This non-concurring opinion will rest chiefly on an examination of the elections to the House of Representatives. Factors of personality, policy, and situation make each Senate contest in high degree a peculiar case to be explained in terms of its own circumstances. The House races collectively, however, provide a basis for some judgment about party balance in the nation as a whole.

Perhaps the major significance of the 1954 House results consists in their forceful demonstration of the continued existence of a wide gap between the following of the Republican Party in the country and the popular strength of President Eisenhower. The bare Republican House majority produced by 1952 left no cushion to absorb a normal mid-term loss. Before the 1954 election the Republicans did not hold enough seats to create the basis for a Democratic landslide. Two years of Republican rule evidently did little to create a support for the Republican Party generally commensurate with the strength of the President.

A bit of perspective and a few figures may support the point. One must go back to 1938 to find a mid-term election at which Republicans won significantly fewer seats than in 1954. The relevant figures on seats won by Republicans are: 1954, 203; 1950, 199; 1946, 245; 1942, 208; 1938, 164. In 1926, the country gave Coolidge 237 Republican Representatives. In 1922, despite a pronounced business downswing, Republicans captured 225 seats. Even in 1930 they managed to carry more House districts than they could win in 1954.

This background gives significance to the disparity between the strength of Eisenhower and that of the Republican Party. Despite the backlog of a sweeping Presidential victory in 1952, a high level of business activity, the existence of peace of a sort, the energetic merchandising of the Republican program, and a rather indiscriminate nixonizing of Democrats, popular support of the Republican Party could not in 1954 be brought much more nearly into conformity with the President's strength than it had been in 1952. A glance at the gains Democrats made in almost all state legislatures outside the South (see p. 10) reveals that disparity to be even more impressive.

If this broad interpretation has validity, it has some practical consequences. It re-enforces the anxieties of those Republican leaders who fear that without the General as a candidate in 1956 even more Republican politicians will no longer be gainfully employed. It gives those who doubt that there is a Republican majority in the country more reason to wonder. Yet more important for the Republic may be the question whether the Republican Party has not, for the time being at least, worked itself into a position where it can elect a President but not an adequate supporting legislative majority, a state of affairs that reduces to the level of low humor those aspects of the situation that give rise to partisan recrimination or rejoicing.

The results of the contests in individual House districts may be plausibly construed either as a repudiation or as a vindication of particular Administration policies. Yet among the districts won by the Democrats were all kinds and sorts. Their most evident common denominator was the fact that they had been won in 1952 by the Republican incumbents by very small margins. A general sag in Republican strength pushed some of the districts over the line.

These details on the shifting districts make the point:

1952 Republican Vote of District	*1952 Republican Seats*	*Won by Democrats 1954*	*Percent Won by Democrats*
50.1-52.4%	19	10	53%
52.5-54.9%	21	7	33%
55.0-57.4%	26	2	8%
57.5 plus	152	2	1.3%

V. O. Key, Jr., professor of government at Harvard University, is the author, among other books, of Politics, Parties and Pressure Groups.

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Democratic Gains in State Legislatures

THE KIND of reasoning which aims at transforming the November 2 Republican defeat into a "moral victory" finds perfect expression in a statement by *Newsweek* columnist Raymond Moley: "It was not agriculture, not hydroelectric power, not taxes that lost the House of Representatives . . . it was a sick coal industry and the superior ability of organized labor to play politics." There was then no Democratic trend; nor are Republicans dependent upon President Eisenhower to the degree some might imagine.

Below is a list of the number of seats Democrats held in state legislatures outside the South before the November 2 elections, and the number they hold now. Out of 38 state (and territorial) legislatures, Democrats registered gains in all but three, lost seats in only 2. Result, 545 seats gained; 6 lost.

So the theory put forward by V. O. Key, Jr.—that the Republican Party has reached the point where it can elect a popular hero President, but cannot elect a legislative majority, gains more strength. The President's last-minute campaign helped cut Republican losses in the US Congress, but could not provide a victory. The local contests reveal the weakness of a Republican Party on its own.

	BEFORE	NOW	BEFORE	NOW
	Arizona		**California**	
Senate	15	26	13	16
House	50	60	26	32
	Colorado		**Connecticut**	
Senate	12	15	14	20
House	20	28	58	94
	Delaware		**Idaho**	
Senate	7	12	11	21
House	17	29	14	23
	Illinois		**Indiana**	
Senate	13	19	10	15
House	64	74	19	37
	Iowa		**Kansas**	
Senate	3	7	5	5
House	4	18	20	36
	Maine		**Maryland**	
Senate	2	6	18	21
House	24	34	88	98
	Massachusetts		**Michigan**	
Senate	15	19	8	11
House	115	127	34	51
	Minnesota		**Missouri**	
Senate	(Non-partisan legislature, "liberals"		18	18
House	gained seats in both houses)		72	90
	Montana		**Nebraska**	
Senate	20	22	no change	
House	32	50	no change	

	BEFORE	NOW	BEFORE	NOW
	Nevada		**New Hampshire**	
Senate	5	3	6	6
House	29	28	122	135
	New Mexico		**New York**	
Senate	no election		19	24
House	27	51	52	60
	North Dakota		**Ohio**	
Senate	2	4	10	12
House	1	3	34	46
	Oklahoma		**Oregon**	
Senate	40	39	4	6
House	99	103	11	25
	Pennsylvania		**Rhode Island**	
Senate	18	24	18	22
House	98	112	58	67
	South Dakota		**Tennessee**	
Senate	0	6	28	29
House	2	18	82	78
	Utah		**Vermont**	
Senate	8	7	2	8
House	21	27	7	21
	Washington		**West Virginia**	
Senate	21	22	22	23
House	41	50	67	76
	Wisconsin		**Wyoming**	
Senate	7	8	6	8
House	25	37	11	24
	Hawaii		**Alaska**	
Senate	7	9	5	12
House	11	22	4	21

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When the factor of party margin in the House races in the preceding Presidential years is kept in mind, the 1954 shifts do not differ radically from those that occurred in 1950. In 1950 Republicans picked up, as is normally the case, seats that had been carried by Democrats in 1948 by narrow margins. A comparison of ratios of loss among classes of seats with differing margins in the preceding Presidential year for the mid-term elections of 1950 and 1954 yields the following results:

Winner's Percentage in Presidential Year	*Proportion Shifting to Republicans in 1950*	*Proportion Shifting to Democrats in 1954*
50.1-52.4	52%	53%
52.5-54.9	42%	33%
55.0-57.4	22%	8%

The regularity of these relationships suggests emphasis in interpretation on general party fortunes rather than on particular policies or situations. Thus, the victory in Milwaukee of Henry Reuss over Charles Kersten is regarded as a repudiation of McCarthyism. Yet any Republican who carried his district in 1952 by only 51.6 percent was in danger. Reuss' 1954 victory by 52.1 percent could perhaps be better treated as a demonstration that an affinity for McCarthyism was not enough to offset a mid-term sag rather than as a resounding rebuke of the junior Senator from Wisconsin. On the other hand, the rare especially wide swing may have some meaning as an indicator of local discontent. Two of the districts with the sharpest Republican losses were Illinois' 25th, a depressed coal mining area, and Minnesota's 9th, a farming district. The 1952 Republican percentages were 56.2 and 60.5, respectively.

In truth, the explanation of why some seats won in 1952 by a narrow margin—50.1 to 52.4 percent—were held and others were lost to the Democrats is difficult. One clue may be hidden in the fact that, for the districts for which the Presidential vote is available, the seats retained had a higher average 1952 percentage for Eisenhower than did those lost, 59.3 against 53.8. The same difference prevails for the seats in the 1952 Republican margin range of 52.5 to 54.9. The 1952 average Eisenhower percentages were for the districts lost, 56.5; for those held, 58.8.

Application of the margin analysis helps explain the discrepancy between the forecasts of a Midwestern farm revolt and the results. The fact is that in most of the farm districts the 1952 Republican margin was so generous that it could be whittled down significantly only by an extremely drastic shift in sentiment. The point is made by the following distribution of Republican seats in Wisconsin, South Dakota, Missouri, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, North Dakota, Kansas, and Nebraska, according to their House vote in 1952:

Republican Popular Percentage in 1952	*Number of Seats in 1952*	*Won by Democrats in 1954*
50.1-54.9	4	4
55.0-59.9	14	2
60.0-64.9	13	1
65.0-69.9	10	0
70 plus	13	0

Before reading into these results a vindication of their farm program for the long run, Republicans would be prudent to examine closely the actual votes to measure the amount and direction of popular shift in their support, research equally applicable to Democrats.

Congressional representation, in cases, was merely brought into line with the partisan complexion of the district. The appointment of Robert Secrest to federal office removed from Ohio's 15th District a Democrat who had clearly been far stronger than his party in the district (62 percent for Eisenhower in 1952; 64.3 percent for Secrest). Similarly, Kansas' 1st District returned to the fold after a fluke Democratic victory in 1952. For the same general reason a Democrat picked up New York's 21st District, which had been held against its general partisan inclination by Jacob Javits, a quite unorthodox Republican.

In other instances the outcome was perhaps more the result of the cumulation of long-term changes in district partisanship than of the battle of the moment. The activation of the growing number of transplanted Republicans in Florida's 1st District finally brought a Republican majority (50.8 percent Republican for Representative in 1954 against 48.3 percent in 1952 with 61.9 percent for Eisenhower). The same secular trend probably helped the Republicans hold Virginia's 6th and 10th Districts and perhaps was relevant, to a lesser degree, in the victory in the Dallas district. All these districts are but indicators of the spots of Republicanism that may be expected gradually to appear over the South. On the other hand, the cumulative effects of population changes underlay Democratic victory in Massachusetts' 8th District, held by Angier Goodwin, and perhaps also in others elsewhere.

While all these detailed analyses throw some light on the factors associated with the 1954 outcome in different sorts of districts, they do not touch the big question raised by the election of 1954. The problem is not so much to explain the election of 1954. It is to explain the election of 1952, that is, why Eisenhower could not bring into office with himself a Republican House majority proportionate to his own strength. The 1954 voting strongly suggests that the Republican Party has not yet succeeded in closing the 1952 gap between itself and the General.

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Portraits From the Tennessee Valley—II

"The Pressure Is On"

by Michael Straight

WHEN the United States created the newest and most hopeful agency of government in all the world, the Atomic Energy Commission, it was natural that it should choose for its leadership David Lilienthal of the Tennessee Valley Authority. His nomination was sent to the Senate early in 1947. There an old enemy of TVA, Kenneth McKellar, lay in wait for him.

From the Valley that had achieved a new life under TVA a score of men came as character witnesses on Lilienthal's behalf. Barrett Shelton, editor and publisher of the *Decatur Daily*, was one; Louis Eckl, editor of the *Florence Times* and *Tri-Cities Daily*, was another. They were followed by a farmer, a dairyman, two businessmen, the president of a Chamber of Commerce and a hardware merchant. Each witness was subjected to hostile examination as McKellar tried to pin upon them the hated labels of radical and carpetbagger.

Toward the end of the list of witnesses the clerk called the name of S. R. Finley. A gaunt man with a melancholy, gentle face moved from the audience to the witness chair. "State your name, your residence and your business," growled McKellar. In a soft voice the witness answered:

> My name is States' Rights Finley. I live in Chattanooga. I am general superintendent of the Chattanooga Power Board and a native of South Carolina.

McKellar sputtered; Finley waited patiently until the laughter in the room died down. He was named for General States' Rights Gist, a great uncle and Confederate hero, killed at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee. His father was elected to Congress on the day he was born and served there 23 years. He was an engineer who had worked most of his life as manager of a private utility in Ohio. He had returned to Tennessee to be the first employee of the Chattanooga Power Board, and he had negotiated its purchase of the private utility run by a friend, Wendell Willkie.

Now before a Senate committee Finley read from a letter he had written to David Lilienthal. . . . "There could be no monument in this valley of any type which would be worthy of the great contribution which you have made to its welfare. . . . "

He ended and waited for questions. When McKellar's turn came the old spokesman for the utilities muttered, "I pass. . . . "

Seven years later the utilities have found new spokesmen; the Atomic Energy Commission that Lilienthal built has been made their instrument, while Lilienthal, an outsider, protests in the letter columns of newspapers. But in the newest struggle over TVA old voices still ring. Down in Chattanooga, the location of TVA's Power Division, I asked Charles Puckette, General Manager of the *Chattanooga Times*, who in the seven states that make the region could best judge the status and future of TVA. "States' Finley is one of the few great men of the valley," said Puckette, "You'd better see him."

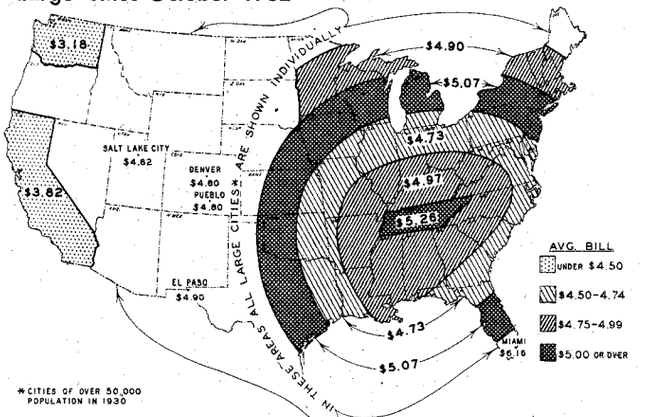
* * *

"What do we owe you, Squib?" he said, when lunch was over in the basement of the Chattanooga Power Board building. "You don't owe but $1.85 Mr. Finley," said the man in chef's cap and apron: "I don't aim to make no profit like Dixon and Yates."

We walked up the long hall between rows of new electric washers, heaters and refrigerators. Each one bore a tag with the price and the address of the store where it could be bought. "Two thousand people come here every day to pay their bills," explained Finley. "And this way we help our businessmen sell $12 million worth of appliances each year."

Six of his customers, white and colored, shared the small elevator with us. Finley knew them all. In his office a messenger was waiting. "You Fred's boy?" he asked: "Your name Fred, too? . . . well, you take this envelope now and you tell your dad it's a long time since

CHART I: Average Bill for 100 KWH Residential Service in Large Cities October 1932



In 1932, the year before TVA was created, residential electric rates in Tennessee and in the area surrounding Tennessee were among the highest in the nation. The lowest rates were in the State of Washington, largely because of the influence of the municipal electric systems in Tacoma and Seattle. There was no well-defined regional pattern.

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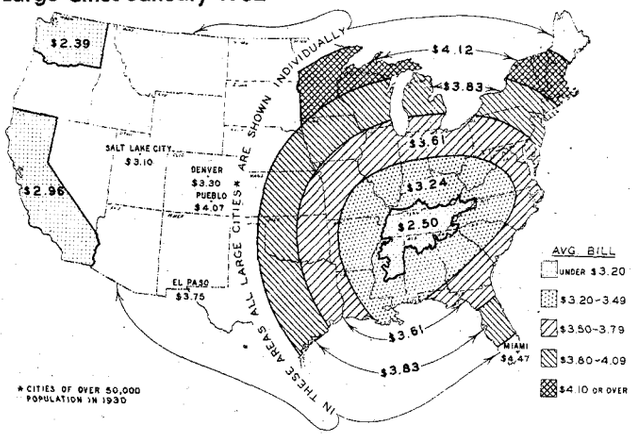
CHART II: Average Bill for 100 KWH Residential Service in Large Cities January 1952



In 1952, residential electric rates were lowest in the TVA area in the East and the Bonneville area in the West. The rates in other areas grow progressively higher as the distance from TVA and Bonneville increases.

we went fishing for bass, too long!"

On Finley's desk lay the 1954 Annual Report of Chattanooga's Electric Power Board.

The Board has doubled the number of electricity users in the Chattanooga area in the 15 years of its existence.

It has raised their annual consumption to 8.1099 kilowatt hours as against the national average of 2.175 kilowatt hours.

It charges them an average rate of one cent a kilowatt hour which is just half the national rate.

It saves them $15 million a year in electricity bills on the basis of the rates charged in 1939 by the Tennessee Electric Power Company.

In 1954 the Board was the largest payer of property taxes in the city and the county. The payments of $290,000 to Chattanooga and $332,000 to Hamilton County were four times the annual payments of the private utility it succeeded. Yet net earnings of the Board after taxes were still $2 million in 1954 and that followed the allocation of $11 million to depreciation and amortization.

At the end of its first month of operation the system was valued at $13,380,386 and the Board had outstanding $13,300,000 in bonds. Fifteen years later the city owns a system worth $21 million after depreciation and the Board has $9 million outstanding in bonds. Its total net worth is more than $13 million. "When I came to Chattanooga," said Finley, "I went to the biggest banker in town to get the system started. 'Why Finley', he said 'Your system wouldn't be worth a cent if you gave it away'. He's perfectly happy with our deposits now!"

"We're proud of what we've done here," said Finley. "But we're not empire builders. We have no intention of forcing our opinions on the rest of the nation. We want to be left alone."

"And yet," he added, "you can see why the utilities are out to destroy us.

"A million visitors a year come through this valley. They sleep in little old motels and find them heated by electricity. They eat in two-by-four joints and see that they're air conditioned. 'How's that?' they ask when they pay their bills, and the owners' answer 'TVA!' 'Isn't it awful expensive', they want to know and the owners say 'hell no!' They bring out their power bills and when the visitors get home they start asking questions about why they pay so much more.

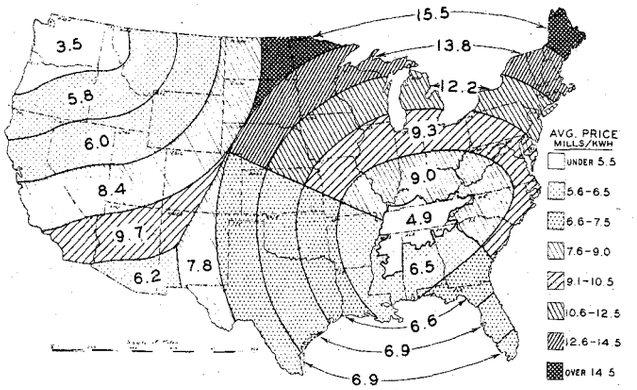
"The effect on rates diminishes of course the farther you go from the valley but it is still plain enough. Here it is in black and white," said Finley handing me three charts prepared by TVA experts and reproduced here.

"Now look at the fourth chart," *(see page 14)* said Finley, "and you see the results of it all. The TVA yardstick forced down the rates of the utilities that border this region. And the demand for power expanded so greatly that their profits have multiplied."

"The Dixon-Yates plant," said Finley, "is nothing by itself. It's the pattern that counts and the pattern is plain. First they block all expansion of capacity for TVA, then they offer to provide the needed power. Dixon-Yates is moving in on Memphis. Georgia Power has bought a site on TVA territory below Guntersville. It's the same all around us. The pressure is on. Already the prospect of a power shortage is discouraging new industry. Within three years the rate structure can be broken by starving TVA. You see we can sell power cheaply because we buy it cheaply from an integrated system. If each municipality has to buy private utility power through TVA or build its own plants to take care of rising demand their efficiency is destroyed. A powerful city like Chattanooga wouldn't give in to the utilities. We'd build our own plant first. But just to take care of breakdowns and repairs we'd have to install 600,000 kilowatts of capacity for every 400,000 kilowatts we needed. That would break our rate structure and yet we're 10 times better off than the little towns of the valley."

All this I knew to be true. In Decatur where I had gone first Quince Ettens, the manager of the Decatur

CHART III: Average Price of Power Purchased by REA Borrowers Fiscal Year 1952



The influence of TVA's and Bonneville's low wholesale electric power rates on wholesale electric rates to rural electric cooperatives elsewhere in the nation is indicated by the average price per kwh which grows progressively higher as the distance from TVA and Bonneville increases.

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Electricity Department, voiced his concern over the future. "Up to now," he said, "when prospects for new industries have asked me about power supplies I've had a simple answer: 'As much as you want, whenever and wherever you want it!' Now I'm not sure. And beyond that a rise of just one mill in TVA power would wipe out my net of $200,000 a year at my present rates." In Nashville, Dr. George Whitlatch, executive director of the Tennessee Agricultural and Industrial Development Commission, told me of the increasing difficulties in bringing new industries into the TVA region. And Coleman Harwell, editor of the *Nashville Tennessean*, handed me a map that he had printed in his paper which shows how the manufacturers of electrical appliances have boycotted a region that has bought $1.3 billion worth of their products since the war. Their initial reason was collusion with the utilities in their war on TVA. Their present justification for the boycott is the uncertainty over power supplies in the valley created by the ambiguous attitude of the Eisenhower Administration toward TVA.

In Florence I learned further what the effect might be if the utilities regained their domination over power supplies and rates in the valley." TVA has raised rural electrification from 3 percent to 93 percent in the valley in the past 20 years. "Well," said Louis Eckl of the *Florence Times*, "I remember when it was 3 percent. There wasn't a light bulb outside the city limits around here except where some rich rancher had rigged up a Delco machine. I used to watch delegations of farmers coming to plead with the Alabama Power Company to run lines out to their farms. The company officials laughed at them! Wilson Dam, here at Muscle Shoals had plenty of power and sold it to the company for two mills a kilowatt hour. The company retailed the same power for 10 cents, within sight of the dam! They said no one needed it. And believe me, they haven't changed."

In Florence, too, I learned what cheap power meant to farmers and what higher rates would mean for the family farm. I asked Andy Barnett, the ruddy-faced county agent of Lauderdale County, what TVA power meant for his people and he became almost mystical. "Why," he said, "You're asking me what made old Columbus come to America and the rest of us follow him."

"Electricity," said Barrett, "developed with man in these parts, and man developed electricity. Man got electricity because he wanted something better and when he got it he learned how much better he could be."

"Electricity," Barnett continued, "was the first step here in modernizing rural life. Before TVA the farmers knew they could never have what city folks had and they didn't want it. When TVA brought electricity to them it was the great awakening. They hung lamps in their ramshackle homes and then they tore down their homes and built new ones around the electric light sockets.

"Electricity," said Barnett, "taught the farmers they could live in this century. Before TVA came the farmers were moving into the cities; now the city people are moving out to the farms. Land that sold for $40 here not long ago is $200 now."

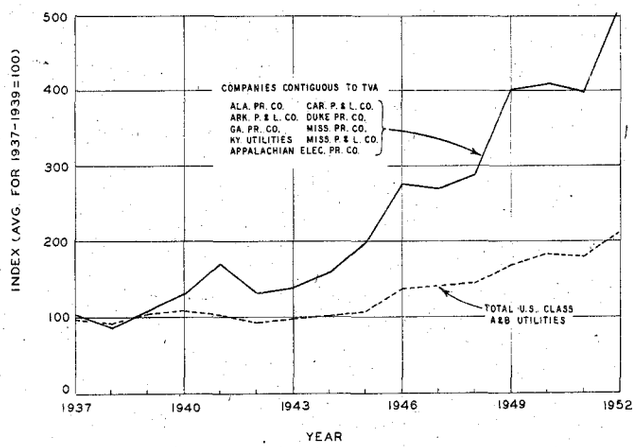
"WHAT would a power shortage do to us? You figger out when every farm has electric milking machines. What would increased rates do? It would bring the mules back, and the old days. Our farms are built around electric power, and cheap power is the margin they live by. Why, good young cows are selling for $50 a head right now in Lauderdale, like they were when I was a boy."

"The irony of our situation," said Finley, "is that what threatens the farmers threatens our businessmen as well. They come up to me with guilty grins today and they say, 'States', what are they going to do to your TVA'. I tell them, 'They're not going to do anything to my TVA. They're doing it to your TVA and to you. You used to pay $60,000 a year more in power bills and you will again if this drive succeeds. I'll be around to you for an increase just as soon as your crowd forces TVA rates up.' 'THE HELL YOU WILL!' they cry."

"You know,' said Finley. "The Dupont Company wasn't worried about putting a $20 million plant in the midst of this socialist paradise. The manufacturers that saved a hundred million a year in power bills didn't suppose those dollars were worse than any others. And yet they're silent today when the basis for their own well-being is threatened. 'We can't afford to speak up States,' they say, 'and besides, States', the boys at the club wouldn't understand'. . . . "

CHART IV: Trend of Power Company Common Stock Earnings

The low rates charged by the privately owned utilities adjacent to the TVA area, whether they are low by TVA example or by TVA competition, have not retarded the growth in the companies' common stock earnings.



From 1937, the earliest year for which Federal Power Commission data are available, to 1952, the record shows that earnings available to the common stockholders of the larger privately owned power companies in the United States a littlee more than doubled and similar earnings of the companies adjacent to TVA increased fivefold.

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Viet-Nam: A House Divided

by Colin Jackson

IF AN election were held in Viet-Nam tomorrow there is little doubt that the whole of the country would fall into the hands of the Viet-Minh; the seven years' war to save the country from Communism would have failed.

Non-Communist Southern Viet-Nam is in a state of chaos. It is a country divided and fought over by civilians, generals and rival private armies: a scene ominously reminiscent of China during the last days of Chiang Kai-shek. In its complexity, the situation has an almost comic opera aspect about it. For Saigon, the capital of Southern Viet-Nam, has been during the last weeks a city with two rulers, Dr. Ngo Dinh Diem, Premier, and General Nguyen Van Hinh, Chief-of-Staff of the Viet-Namese army. Dr. Diem, the Prime Minister, has tried to govern while besieged in his palace at Saigon, and guarded only by guards armed with fire hoses and out-of-date rifles.

General Hinh has not however been too worried by Dr. Diem's threats. The General has not needed fire hoses round his house; he has tanks to protect him. Nor has he needed personal friends to guard him, for the National Army of Viet-Nam, numbering 260,000, has sworn undying loyalty to him. And the country's veteran soldier statesman, General Xuan, has been his ally.

On the surface the trouble may look much like a case of a brave and harassed Premier being pushed about by two generals too big for their boots. But when I was in Viet-Nam I met the controversial General. Only 39, he is quite an exceptional and able person. The son of a former Premier, Nyugen Van Tam, he was educated in Europe and became a distinguished Air Force pilot in World War II. After the war he returned to Viet-Nam and in 1952 became the country's first Chief-of-Staff. In two years he built up the army to a strength of 260,000. That in itself is a remarkable feat, for he had to contend with French reluctance to grant him arms.

The view of the present situation in Viet-Nam held by General Hinh and his partner, General Xuan, is that Dr. Diem is being far too soft toward Communist sympathizers in Southern Viet-Nam. First General Hinh wants a large-scale propaganda drive to counteract Ho Chi Minh's powerful personal radio broadcasts. The General also wants, as he told me himself some months ago, a far more radical policy of land reform and government aid to farmers ruined by the Civil War. General Hinh and General Xuan, although considered by Western democracies to be wrong in challenging the Prime Minister, are in themselves quite able and progressive persons.

This is more than can be said of Dr. Diem's allies, the Cao Daists and the Hoa Hao. The Cao Daists, north of Saigon, make up a private religious kingdom led by the so-called Pope Pham Cong Tac. I visited the headquarters of this extraordinary sect at Tainan. The tenets of their religion strangely combine Buddhism, Taoism and the teachings of Confucius. "His Holiness" Pope Pham Cong Tac has recently gone on record as saying that the Emperor Bao Dai ought to remain in exile in Europe. Pham Cong Tang also has attacked Dr. Diem and supported General Hinh, but having read about "divide and rule," "His Holiness" has allowed three Cao Daists to become Cabinet Ministers of Dr. Diem while maintaining 20,000 Cao Daist soldiers, some on the outskirts of Saigon, which threaten the unity of Viet-Nam.

Another private army and kingdom exists southwest of Saigon. About 15 years ago a young man in the village of Hoa Hao began to have visions and claimed to heal people. In time he was suspected of lunacy by the French and finally kidnaped by the Viet-Minh. But today there are more than 1,700,000 Hoa Hao worshipers, and an army of 20,000 to back up the missing master. Politically the Hoa Hao are enemies of the Cao Daists, but in a crumbling nation they want some of the spoils too; they also have taken three Cabinet seats from the desperate Dr. Diem.

Just to make this chaotic situation more complicated, the ally of General Hinh and General Xuan against the Premier is a certain General Le Van Vien—who leads the small tiger-badged force of the Binh Xyuen. General Le Van Vien is an old friend of the Emperor, Bao

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Colin Jackson, British lecturer and writer, recently returned from a tour of Indo-China and Southeast Asia.

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Dai. For services rendered, the Emperor gave the General a gambling monopoly in Cholon, Saigon's teaming sister city. Here the General runs "La Grande Monde," the biggest gambling center in Asia. When I visited it, the place was obviously a center not only of gambling, but of vice and corruption. Every night in an atmosphere of steaming hysteria, Chinese girl croupiers call out the numbers in shrill high-pitched voices, rich and poor crush around the tables with notes of five or five thousand piastres in their hands, and people are ruined in seconds. On the proceeds the General has built himself a magnificent palace. And, wealthy beyond imagination, he now controls the police of Saigon—which makes Dr. Diem's position even more insecure.

General Hinh

The quarrel between the Generals, the private sects and Dr. Diem is made more complicated by the continued absence of the head of state, Bao Dai. He has now moved into his winter quarters, a mountain resort in Southern France, and shows at the moment no indication that he intends to return to Viet-Nam. Neither, however, does he show any sign of abdicating.

As if the political confusion were not enough, the Diem regime has failed to cope with the refugee problem. Viet-Namese agents in the North promised evacuees land and food if they came South. Hundreds of thousands of people arrived by plane and ship. Unfortunately, Diem's arrangements to receive these immigrants have been very haphazard and inefficient. There have also been some glaring cases of corruption. Hutment contracts have been farmed out to Government friends. Several camp commandants have been arrested for profiteering—selling rice and supplies to refugees at exorbitant prices.

There is considerable land in Cochin China available for distribution to refugees. And derelict prewar French estates could be divided up. But here again government inefficiency and graft have as yet prevented any action.

The result is that the refugees from the North are in danger of becoming just so many Fifth Column agents of the Viet-Minh. Ho Chi Minh's supporters in Southern Viet-Nam already openly flaunt their Liberation Army flags and speak of the day, not too far distant, when Ho will rule in Saigon.

Since the armistice the French have been playing what may well turn out to be a double game. On the one hand they handed over with great speed hundreds of posts they had previously held in the Viet-Namese administration. Local replacements—completely untrained—have proved hopelessly inadequate. The French have regarded their successors with a mixture of amusement and contempt. As one Frenchman said, "They wanted us to go, so we are going, and we won't come back." What they do not mention is that the Viet-Namese are ignorant or inefficient because the French have up to now consistently denied them the opportunity of learning through experience in government.

While they have been clearing out of the government in the South, the French have shown every sign of trying to preserve their economic interests in Northern (Communist) Viet-Nam. Saintery, France's representative with the Viet-Minh, has said that Northern Viet-Nam represents the last great chance for East and West to work together. There has been talk of arranging credits and trade representatives. Ho Chi Minh, for his part, has promised to protect French interests and trade. What the Southern Viet-Namese fear is that in order to protect economic interests, France will make a deal with the Viet-Minh.

Naturally the United States and Britain have viewed the growing chaos in Southern Viet-Nam with increasing alarm. In an attempt to deal with the situation, President Eisenhower has sent out General Lawton Collins with powers to arrange large-scale economic aid to bolster the tottering regime. But the President has made it clear that an essential condition of such aid must be internal reform. Yet, with so few skilled administrators, so much corruption and so much political pressure, reform is going to be extremely difficult for Dr. Diem.

Probably the best hope in Viet-Nam at the moment is a National Coalition Government. Since there is in Southern Viet-Nam no single outstanding military leader like Ho Chi Minh, an alliance of the rival forces is probably the only solution. A Cabinet containing such forces would be a strange body. It would contain five generals representing four armies with 350,000 troops. But if it could be formed it would at any rate put a stop to the present internal strife. America, and to a lesser extent the Commonwealth nations, could then give aid with a greater assurance that it would only be used for economic rehabilitation and not to advance one clique or the other. Such aid would, moreover, have to be extremely carefully supervised. And agricultural, industrial and administrative experts would have to be made available under the terms of the Manila Pact.

Dr. Diem

A last faint chance still remains to save Southern Viet-Nam from Communism. It requires a radical change in the internal political line-up and a drastic measure of controlled economic aid between now and the all-Viet-Namese elections in 1956. Otherwise, 100,000 men will have died in vain, and Communism will be able to record another tremendous victory in Asia.

Editor's note.—A somewhat different view of the relative merit of the protagonists in Viet-Nam's domestic struggle will be contained in a special NR *issue on Asia, to be published soon.*

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The New Republic: 1914-1954

On the evening of November 17, hundreds of the *New Republic's* oldest friends dined together in Washington, D. C. It was the magazine's fortieth anniversary, and Benjamin V. Cohen—a member of the US delegation to the United Nations General Assembly from 1948-1952—spoke a brief tribute to the idea of independent journalism which has guided the *New Republic* during those years, then presented former US Attorney-General Francis Biddle, toastmaster for the evening. Before introducing the speakers, Mr. Biddle ranged back over the past 40 years to describe the impact of the *New Republic* on the young men of his generation, and upon their heroes—Felix Frankfurter, Oliver Wendell Holmes and others. After an informal talk by Michael Straight, Mr. Henry Luce delivered the main address of the evening. Excerpts from their remarks follow.

Michael Straight: The issue of the *New Republic* published on our first anniversary in November, 1915, opens with a paragraph that could have been printed last week:

"What an election! The people have tended to repudiate the national administration, to return Tammany in New York, to take back the ring in Philadelphia, to relapse into Republicanism in Massachusetts. The election reveals chiefly an inertia of public opinion. . . ."

Michael Straight

Next there are the greetings on that first anniversary—from Don Marquis in the *New York Evening Sun*:

> The *New Republic* has made me mad in five different spots which is more than most publications are able to do.

They end with the greeting of Franklin P. Adams writing in the old *New York Tribune*:

> The *New Republic* assumes that the average reader is a good deal above the average—which he is.

At the end the editors set forth the task of the next 40 years:

> It is a little over a year since the *New Republic* was started. . . . It may be worth while to state again the general purpose of the paper. It is called a Journal of Opinion and it is devoted to analyzing, focusing, criticizing and suggesting ideas which can help us a little as citizens of America to find our way amidst the disasters and threats and confusions of the time. At this period of wreck and ruin the one power that can save, can heal, can fortify, is clear and intelligent thought. Opinion is no longer a parlor game, a matter of dinner-table conversation; it is a relentless necessity if we are to keep flying the flag of sanity above this tortured world.

There followed the list of immediate tasks for a Journal of Opinion . . . "to help work out a sensible international policy for the United States," to promote rearmament while guarding against militarism, to advocate better schools and press; to treasure humor and beauty as the reminder of "the gay and varied civilization" to come.

Only one paragraph seems a little out of place 40 years later. The editors take note of a major assignment:

> There are the puzzling questions due to the rise of women, their entrance into politics and business and the reaction of all this on the home. . . .

Women, as it turned out, were the least of the problems that puzzled the liberals over the next 40 years—politically, that is. Elsewhere the world of 1914 broke apart. "We belonged to the fag end of Victorian liberalism," said E. M. Forster of Croly's generation. "We can look back to an age whose challenges were moderate in their tone and the cloud on whose horizon was no bigger than a man's hand." But in the next eight years the challenges mounted; the cloud covered most of the sky. It made impossible orderly progress toward Croly's future, or even an orderly return to the past.

Five years before he died, Croly restated his purpose in *The New Republic* idea. He no longer expressed his belief in achievable ends. Instead he pinned his hopes on the one means he saw of maintaining civilized society—"full and fair discussion."

He added: "Discussion of this kind does not necessarily provide a remedy. It did not in the case of the anti-slavery conflict. But it always absorbs a large part of the shock of the conflict and in so far as it is fair and full its

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educational value is incalculable."

In the year that Croly wrote that pamphlet the same thought was expressed by John Dewey. His lines express perfectly the purpose and fascination of a journal of opinion and to me they are among the most beautiful and touching that we ever published:

> Events [wrote Dewey] that have no attributed meanings are accidents and if they are big enough, are catastrophes. By sufficient preliminary conversation you can avert a catastrophe. For nothing is a catastrophe which belongs in a composed tale of meanings.
>
> And there always remains a possibility that an intelligent imputing of meanings is more than a personal delight and discipline. It may also be an event which affects other events propitiously. And if such should turn out to be the case, you who love your children even if you do not love all the sons of men, by encouraging conversation, encouraging thought which is more than a specialty and art which is more than an ornament, will have enabled your children to take part in some future course of events instead of being overwhelmed by them. Why be as the dumb beasts which perish, when events so alluringly invite us to tell that story about them which wise men have called truth and art?
>
> And above all, let us not any of us imagine that it is primarily the cause of freedom which is at stake in what is called free thought and free speech. The word "free" is unnecessary; it is redundant. It is thought itself, the life of meanings, which is at stake. Apart from conversation, from discourse and communication, there is no thought and no meaning, only just events, dumb, preposterous, destructive.

To this belief in full and fair discussion Croly and Dewey brought an almost religious attachment. And surely they were right. For it is always a breakdown in communication among men of good will that opens the way for an assault by men of evil upon tolerance and civilization itself. That is why tonight's discussion is memorable for reasons beyond our own survival and celebration. And so I dwell on this one problem. It is, after all, as old as the nation itself. Three years after the passage of the Bill of Rights, divisions among Americans deepened until Jefferson noted:

> Men who have been intimate all their lives cross the street to avoid meeting and turn their heads away lest they should be obliged to touch their hats.

That breakdown among friends led to the Alien and Sedition laws in the next generation. And the violence and misery that followed then, and from each recurring breakdown of communication among men of good will, measure the importance of that communication today.

For opinion has become unpopular again over the past 40 years. It divides Americans in anger and bitterness, and the country senses that it can no longer afford such division, given the external threat. The country reaches instead toward outward unity—the unity expressive of one deep conviction, universally held and asserted at the expense of all others. That effort is understandable but self-defeating. For this form of outward unity leads, sooner or later to another kind of calm—the calm born of apathy that reflects the absence of any deep conviction in the people whose minds and hearts are no longer stirred by the clash of constructive ideas.

Survival pleads instead for a two-fold attitude within us—of conviction deeply held, and with it respect deeply felt for the convictions of others. On that attitude alone can "full and fair discussion" be based. Discussion in that spirit no longer divides Americans. It brings them together as we are brought together tonight. For beneath all outward disagreement is the inward unity of men who stand together against the assault of unreason, and who hold what Croly called "the common conviction in the latent regeneracy and brotherhood of mankind."

THE wreck and ruin have, of course, extended since that first anniversary dinner in 1915. The noose has been drawn a little tighter around the neck of civilization, the flag of sanity has been torn by more than one high wind. The penalty for failure has been multiplied by science, and with it the promise of American life. As the stakes have mounted in this struggle, so has the "relentless necessity" for "clear and intelligent thought." But thought itself has been frequently unintelligent and rarely clear. On the right, the loss of confidence among traditional conservatives has led them to suffer the early intrusions of barbarism. On the left, the failure of nerve and also of vision among traditional liberals has left a no-man's land in the forward areas where many scouts should be beckoning us on.

To recover their positions the traditionalists of each side need the respect and understanding of the other.

Forty years after its foundation, the place remains for a liberal journal of opinion. So does our ambition to fill that place. Within the limits of our vision we set out still to bring "clear and intelligent" thought to the marketplace of discussion. We hold no easy belief that we can succeed on more than rare occasions. But we start with the understanding that adherence to a fixed framework of doctrine is less useful than an attitude of hospitality to new ideas. We bear the scars of thorn bushes we have pushed through and pitfalls we have stumbled into as all scouts must. We suppose that the modesty born of acknowledged error is as relevant for the future as the confidence and pride that comes of the heritage we bear. We trust that if we can provide no answers, we can still provoke others into reaching toward them. By rubbing opinions against each other we can still brighten the coinage, still start the "little insurrections" in men's minds, as Croly hoped to do. Thanks to the generosity and conviction of a new generation, we intend to continue for the next forty years. We look toward them with excitement, and with guarded optimism, believing in the power of discussion now as in 1915, to fortify, to save, and at last, to heal.

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The Promised Land

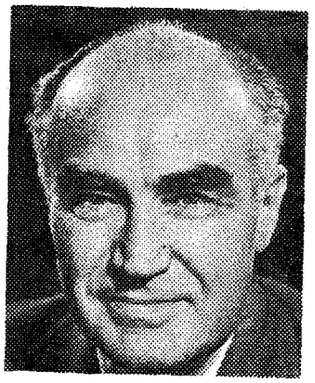
40TH ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS BY HENRY R. LUCE

THIS IS an occasion for thanksgiving and joy that we are all able to come together, after so many stormy years, to celebrate the *New Republic*. But why, let me ask, the *new* Republic—either then or now? . . .

If we seriously demand a new America, do we disavow the one that is? If we set ourselves to rise to new heights of greatness, without precedent in the whole story of man, do we thereby set human presumption against the laws of Nature and of Nature's God?

There is, I say, a peculiarly American answer to such questions. It is most quickly seen in a single fact: we are all immigrants. We have all come to a new land—to, in fact, The New World. Other vast migrations there have been but never one like this. We came to a new land but a land not made. We had to make it. We had to declare for what purposes it should be made. . . .

We have made a land, a nation, a society—a good society. We speak of the American Way of Life—and whatever others may think about that expression, to the ordinary American it is self-evident truth and self-evident good. Preserve, conserve—it would be only human if these should be henceforth the operative *verbs* of the American people. It would be only human—but it cannot be. And that, the American knows. More than any other kind of man, the American knows the truth that you never stay where you are. . . . Our European and Asian friends often recommend to us, from their old world wisdom, that we should do just that, settle down, go slow, be "mature," take it easy. It is good advice and we can use it—in off-hours. But not in our business. The business of America is to progress; and Progress is the business of America. We are a nation forever on the march.



Henry R. Luce

In a nation which is itself by nature progressive, the performance of the Advance Guard is especially important. Its job is to explore the future, to bring back reports of perils ahead and of opportunities. A very difficult job—never more difficult than now. Partly because there is in the future the ominous threat of atomic war. What shall the Advance scout say about that? Shall he cry Peace where there is no Peace? Shall he bring back olive branches of appeasement—and find them poisoned? Shall he recommend war? Or shall he simply say stop, the future is hopelessly roadblocked. That is what he is often tempted to do—to say stop and philosophize that if we stay still for 20 or 30 years the problems will fade away. They won't. The Advance Guard must find and recommend a forward way through the roadblocks.

But let us suppose there *were* no threats of catastrophic war. The problem of Progress in America would still be extraordinarily difficult for an utterly novel reason. In a brief overstatement, the reason is that we have almost solved almost all the internal problems which have been the traditionally proper subjects for political agitation and debate.

Norman Thomas is fond of saying that practically everything he stood for when he entered politics has been accomplished. To cite only one example, he says: "I would not have dreamed of trying to get the kind of federal housing subsidy Senator Taft proposed 20 years later."

This is the astonishing state of affairs which I would like to call to your attention tonight. Underlying it is, of course, a radical revolution in a basic equation of human life on earth. From the time that Abraham came out of Ur of the Chaldees until yesterday, a basic equation of human life was that a man—and his wife and children—by the sweat of their brows from sun up to sun down could just barely make enough to eat; a tiny surplus went to the more or less necessary overlords. Today in America, in seven or eight hours a day for five days a week and resting on two Sabbaths, —well, you know the rest. Or, do you? Do any of us really *see* what has happened and is happening?

If we have not even caught up with the present, how much less are we capable of heralding the future.

One thing clearly foreseeable in the future of the Republic and of the human race is an immense increase in the world's wealth and standard of living. Even to call it an Age of Plenty may soon seem old-fashioned. Could there be any such thing as the Age of Too Much? In any case, President Eisenhower, ex-President Truman, and the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report are all on record with the forecast that the US national output will exceed 500 billion by 1964. . . .

As for the rest of the world, most of it is a wretchedly poor place; yet it surely cannot escape the prospering

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impact of an American Age of Plenty. Indeed, our own prosperity will more and more depend on its being shared with the world. If America and the world go on prospering together, the world's standard of living will pass the trillion dollar mark by the time ours passes the $500 billion mark, that is, within 10 years. This trillion dollar mark has taken civilized man something like 5,000 years to achieve. It is of more than symbolic interest. For the point is that having passed that mark, mankind will achieve his second trillion in less than 50 years. Such are the trends and the amazing probabilities. The abundance of all material things, from food, shelter and clothing to every luxury that automation can produce is already a taste on the tip of the American tongue. With the rest of the world it is now only a demand, the slogan of that revolution of expectations which has swept even the few remaining jungles of our earth. But they are right to demand it, for this is one human expectation which can and probably will be fulfilled.

I WONDER if I am beginning to make clear the problem which I am posing for the Advance Guard. Merely to advocate increase and more increase in the standard of living for all Americans is not to perform any special function. Any of us ordinary editors can do that.

Of course I do not say that all this material utopia will come about automatically. I do not mean that political battles, and very real ones, will not be necessary. Some of the same old problems are still with us, along with many new ones—slums, Negro rights, not to mention traffic jams and mental health. But these problems are in process of solution. And many of them are largely technical. The political battles that will obsolete these problems are battles for the ordinary troops, not uniquely for the Advance Guard. The business of the Advance Guard is to be in advance—way up there ahead.

And where is that? Where, in the march of American civilization, is up front today? That is what we shall look for in the *New Republic*. We need answers with far more vividness of foresight and depth of insight than are currently available or that I can ever begin to suggest tonight.

In broadest terms, the answer seems obvious and obviously true, namely that our material and political problems having been so largely solved, our struggles—and triumphs, if any—will be in the realm of the spirit.

Perhaps that has always been the case. Certainly the passion for social justice 40 years ago did not arise from dialectically material animals but on the contrary from men like Herbert Croly who were moved by moral imperatives and the divine discontent of the spirit. But now we are more directly confronted with questions of the spirit. And in fact the liberal today seems more concerned with attitudes and states of mind than, for example, with offensive poverty.

A characteristic pronouncement of the last decade has been that we have not made spiritual advance comparable to our material and scientific advance. This pronouncement is made by nearly everyone—by intellectuals by scientists, by industrialists, even by political leaders. The commonest refrain on the innumerable luncheon platforms of America is, I should suppose, quote "what we need is spiritual and moral values" unquote.

THAT much has become *the* cliché of the hour. Somewhat similarly, 40 years ago, there was a widespread uneasiness about the injustice and ugliness in our industrial society. *Then* the Advance Guard took hold—analyzed, exposed, expounded and, above all, kindled the flame of enthusiasm to fight what had to be fought, and to build what had to be built.

So, now, the Advance Guard has the opportunity to perform a similar task with regard to spiritual and moral values in American civilization. At first glance, there will be many objections to such an assignment. Some will raise the question of jurisdictional disputes, saying that spiritual and moral values are the business of the ecclesiastical unions. The pastors are indeed busy—overworked and mostly underpaid. The churches are full and fuller. The best sellers are Bishop Sheen and Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—not to mention less responsible providers of spiritual food. Well, if the layman gets into the spiritual battle, there may indeed be jurisdictional disputes:—let them be tested. But, incidentally, while the Kingdom of Heaven may open its doors more readily to the poor and simple than to the wise and literate—nevertheless, most churchmen would, I think, agree that a serious problem today in America is religious illiteracy. We have a bull market in religion or spiritual values—and buyers as uneducated as the buyers of stocks in 1929. The analogy is suggestive. Must we have a catastrophic spiritual depression, on top of a false boom, before we can build a spiritually better commonwealth? There would seem to be a call, here, for the service of the discerning intellectual. If, for example, there is a conflict between the claims of secular humanism and orthodox religion, what is the proper statement of that conflict and how can it be resolved honestly in an American consensus? Such a consensus was essential to the founding of our Republic: It will be equally essential to the survival of the Republic and to the politics of human liberty on a world scale. The American consensus is enshrined in such cherished phrases as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But it can never be taken for granted. The American consensus is forever needing to be pushed forward, criticized, elaborated in an expanding universe and now, in a contracting world. This may indeed be the high adventure of the immediate future—one in which deeply personal needs are merged with the needs of society into a passion for truth and for righteousness.

In the somewhat different vocabulary of secular humanism, the needs I speak of are commonly summed up under the word "culture." That, too, is a good word;

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and the active agenda for the improvement of American culture is a very long one, from TV to geriatrics. From this long list, let me select one subject, Education, to illustrate the need for sharper analysis, the kind of analysis which an Advance Guard is best fitted to supply.

There is needed in this country tens of thousands of schoolrooms and hundreds of thousands of teachers. Well, we'll get them somehow. But we also need to be told about the *quality* of education—*what* education for *whom, why.*

. . . Throughout the panorama of American life, we need not just higher standards of living, but higher standards. It is your task. I suggest, to kindle in the minds and hearts of the people and their leaders, as it is the teachers' task to kindle in our youth, a passion for higher standards—standards of excellence—in every field of life and thought and work.

Not least do we need a higher standard of politics and political debate. We need more style in our politics—more style to match more substance. I do not mean merely a highbrow style . . . But our political style must be equal to our age, as it was in Jefferson's time, and Lincoln's. . . .

THIS brings me to the great reality of our time: the question of War and Peace. Its dimensions are colossal, like the age we live in. . . . We discuss it, as in a parlor game, with words like co-existence, appeasement, preventive war. These are not the words of high politics. The great words of high politics are Liberty, Justice and Law—Freedom under Law. These words will never be repealed as the basic stuff to human destiny. They must therefore be made to mean something in our age. If these words perish, even for a space, America will perish with them.

The other day in a moving speech, the Chief Justice of the United States referred to mankind's hope for peace and added that of course Peace can only be attained through the rule of Law. He quoted a letter of some British soldiers to American G.I.s soon after Pearl Harbor. The British lads said that now they would all have to fight together so that instead of the world being ruled by the law of force it would be ruled by the force of law.

But how much have intellectuals concerned themselves with this matter of Law in the world? What explorations have our Advance Guard made into questions of Law as governing the relations of nations and all people within all nations? Fortunately there is no shortage of Advance Guard watchdogs against day-to-day infractions, both real and imaginary, of our own Bill of Rights at home; but who among them is also trying to define for our age, as the late Morris R. Cohen did for his, the universal relationship between human law and ideal justice? It is a deep and prickly subject. Easier to ignore it. But like the Hound of Heaven, this question will pursue you—for the fact is: there can be no peace without law. Nor freedom either.

Personally, I wish that right now the United States would be putting herself in the forefront of the great worldwide concern for Law and the rule of Law. But she cannot be expected to do this unless from the Advance Guard we get vivid suggestions as to how this ideal can be progressively incarnated. Meanwhile, mankind lives on the brink of anarchy. The United States cannot move forward in this, its historic mission to promote the rule of Law, unless the intellectuals have schooled themselves —and us—to know and to speak of the great concepts of Law as the necessary counterpart of Liberty and the actual basis of peace between men and nations.

Speaking of spiritual and moral values—and of intellectual values—surely nothing could more clearly signify an advance in these values than a more lively comprehension of the creative uses of the Law. And here, if anywhere, is the concrete meaning of that deeply felt intuition that a triumph over this worldwide crisis will prove to be a triumph of the spirit.

Let us speak no more then, of hopeless roadblocks lying across the path of the future. Peace is our objective: the advancement of the rule of law is the means. We have little time to waste. . . .

Let us never forget that we Americans are an immigrant people destined throughout our living history, to a Pilgrim's Progress—with all the pains and joys of such a destiny.

There was once another great immigrant people whose story is the story of the Old Testament. They too had a Promised Land. When in their march from Egypt they came to the edge of it, Moses sent 12 scouts across the river to spy out that land. They went, they saw and they returned to report. Ten of them reported that the Promised Land was inhabited by giants who would tear the Israelities to pieces and eat them up—and the land wasn't any good anyhow. The other two, Joshua and Caleb, reported otherwise. They said that the Promised Land was indeed a rich land, —a land of milk and honey. As for the giants they were indeed formidable but could be overcome by faith and courage.

The Israelities believed the 10 bad scouts and set up wails of despair. They rejected Joshua. Wherefore God condemned them and Moses too—to 40 years in the wilderness.

Only then did Joshua's turn come, at last—now not as scout but as commander. And he said to the people "Only be strong and very courageous" and go up and take the land! And they did, and the walls of Jericho fell, and they entered into the whole of the Promised Land.

We too can condemn ourselves to 40 years in the wilderness. Or we can listen to the young Joshua. I hope that the spirit of the young Joshua will prevail in our land, that all of us may be given the grace and the courage to believe the true report and that we may make our way with confidence into the New World now visible.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Wilde — The Reality Behind the Legend

by George Woodcock

"I WAS a man who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age," said Oscar Wilde in that curious literary document, *De Profundis*. "Few men hold such a position in their own lifetime, and have it so recognized." He was wrong so far as his own lifetime was concerned, for the late Victorians would have been shocked or amused at the thought that this dandy, with his defiant creed of amoralism in the cause of art, should be regarded as anything but a deviant from the general current of the period. Yet, with a historical irony Wilde himself might have regarded as a vindication of his own playful doctrine of Life imitating Art, the symbolic relationship he demanded has been granted tacitly by posterity.

A century after his birth, and more than half a century after his death, Wilde continues to enjoy a reputation that can hardly be justified by his mere literary achievement. For, if we consider his works at all seriously, it soon becomes evident that few of them can bear comparison with the best work of other writers in his time. *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, some of the fairy stories and perhaps *Salomé*, parts of *Intentions* and *The Soul of Man under Socialism*—these are doubtless enough to ensure permanence as minor English classic, but they can hardly justify the reputation Wilde retains or the controversy that centers around him. It is evidently something more than his books alone that makes it impossible to think of the 'nineties without Wilde or to write the literary history of the past century without paying tribute to his influence.

Wilde's legend, indeed, owes its longevity partly to the dramatic memory of his fall from popular fame in 1895 and his subsequent death in exile, and this memory has been sustained by the controversy over his personality that had continued almost unabated over the fifty-four years since his death (as recently as 1952, St. John Ervine could write a study of Wilde that was distorted by a bitter attack on his homosexuality and his Irish nationality.) But other writers have been imprisoned, or have been known homosexuals, without drawing the kind of attention that has been focussed for so many years upon Wilde. And we must see him as something more than the sensational victim of Victorian mores if we are to explain the way in which interest and controversy have continued to center around his name.

Perhaps we can only explain this phenomenon fully (a) by considering Wilde's actual works and seeing what induces people to read them despite their imperfections and (b) by analyzing the impression Wilde made upon his contemporaries. The second point should perhaps be considered first, since the fact that Wilde's trial and condemnation created such a lasting sensation arose largely from the attitude which people had already adopted towards him.

AMONG those who knew Wilde, few, however hostile, failed in the recognition of his qualities so far as to agree with Henry James that he was nothing more than a "fatuous cad." Even W. E. Henley, who stood out against everything Wilde represented, called him "the sketch of a great man," and Charles Ricketts, an intimate friend who saw Wilde when the armour of public personality had been put aside, probably made the most perceptive estimate of Wilde's stature when he said: "In intellect and humanity he is the largest type I have come across. Other greater men in my time were great in some one thing, not large in their very texture."

The men who knew Wilde best remembered him, significantly, as a personality and a conversationalist rather than as a writer. Bernard Shaw, when asked shortly before his own death what persons he would most like to meet, replied: "I do not want to talk to anybody, alive or dead, but if I craved for entertaining conversation by a first-class *raconteur*, I should choose Oscar Wilde." Even George Moore, who hated Wilde with that peculiar intensity which Irishmen reserve for each other, agreed after a dinner where Wilde was present that the latter's conversation was one of the most delightful things in life. And Yeats, who thought little of Wilde as a writer, was unreserved in his praise of Wilde as a talker.

This extraordinary conversational talent was not, as many of Wilde's critics have suggested, a matter of insubstantial playing with words. On the contrary, it seems often to have had an underlying seriousness of intention and always to have been supported by wide learning. The scientist, Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, encountered Wilde during the latter's last years of exile, and was so impressed by this single conversation that very many years later he defended Wilde as "a man of wide information and interests, and of commanding intelligence." And the artist, William Rothenstein, confirmed this with the remark that Wilde had "an extraordinarily illuminating intellect."

Of the men whose opinions I have quoted, only one, Ricketts, was a close friend of Wilde, and two at least of the others were declared enemies, yet, with the curious exception of Henry James, they appear to have been unanimous in feeling that Wilde was not merely a brilliant talker, but also a personality who at least verged on greatness. It is this impression of a mental as well as a physical giant that explains, not merely the impression Wilde made on his contemporaries in the heyday of his success, but also the indelible interest his character retained in the minds of those who had known him. They may not, indeed, have seen him as a figure in symbolic relation to his age, but they did see him as something extraordinary in any era. It is not often that one is present at the fall of a titan, and it was clearly the magnitude of Wilde's personality, even more than the circumstances of his downfall, that crystallized his fate into so patent a legend.

BUT this does not explain why, despite their manifest imperfections and excesses, his works are still read, often with impatience, rarely with indifference. The explanation for this is perhaps to be found in the fact that something at least of his largeness of

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personality enters into his writing and suffuses even so absurd a piece of *pastiche* as *The Picture of Dorian Gray* with a quality of daring that raises it above mediocrity. Arthur Symons, indeed, contended that it was Wilde's attitudes rather than his achievements that were important. This opinion is not wholly just to Wilde, since it ignores the fact that some at least of his writings are of enduring value, but it remains true that Wilde never fulfilled in writing the whole of his potentialities; it is more than suggestive that the work which contains most of himself should have been called *Intentions*, for it suggested the promise of all that was never achieved.

IT is in these essays and in *The Soul of Man under Socialism* that we see most clearly the basic seriousness of Wilde's outlook. He puts forward a doctrine of aestheticism, of "art for art's sake," but in fact he shows himself to be an inveterate propagandist, and these essays are crammed with stimulating arguments directed towards fostering the idea of a freely developed human personality. Indeed, through all the paradoxes and contradictions of Wilde's writings and of his life the aim that remains constant is that of the liberation of man from all the bonds of habit and custom and regulation and law that may interfere with his fulfillment. This pursuit of a personal fulfillment combined with an adolescent emotional pattern to engender some of the tragic absurdities of Wilde's own life, but it also contributed vastly to his importance as a seminal influence in his own day and afterwards. Reading his books or the fragmentary records of his conversation, we come across a host of ideas that in their time were original and daring. Now many of them appear banal, but if we consider them in relation to the Victorian world in which Wilde lived, they show him as a liberal thinker whose propaganda for clear thought and tolerance (and often for more concrete improvements, such as prison reform) was accompanied by many prophetic suggestions on particular aspects of life.

For example right from the days when he lectured America in his velvet pants, Wilde persistently condemned the dry pedagogy of his age, and called for a use of art as a means of education which closely anticipated modern advanced practice. At a time when the enlightened still worshipped science, he indicated that its weakness lay in its inability to "grapple with the irrational," a fact which recent decades have written over our minds in letters of atomic ash. At the same time, while Freud was yet an unknown doctor in Vienna, Wilde was publicly proclaiming the psychological dangers of repressed impulses. And, perhaps most important of all, he showed a profound political insight when, in *The Soul of Man under Socialism*, he argued that Socialism can be justified only in so far as it fosters the growth of the individual and increases his freedom. While the Fabians toyed with the idea of the all-powerful state, without realizing its long-term implications, Wilde saw clearly the dangers of what we now call totalitarianism. "If the Socialism is Authoritarian; if there are Governments armed with economic power as they are now with political power; if, in a word, we are to have Industrial Tyrannies, then the last state of man will be worse than the first."

Wilde's broadest appeal lies in the mood of daring thought and enthusiasm from which such insights emerged. It is significant that he had always attracted the adolescent, and in this way has influenced the literary and intellectual awakening of each generation that has followed his own. "I have met no one who made me so aware of the possibilities latent in myself," said William Rothenstein, remembering his own youth, and many young people who have met Wilde only through his writings have found there an invaluable stimulus at certain stages of their development. This peculiar appeal to the young arises not only from the romantic iconoclasm of Wilde's ideas, but also from the almost adolescent zeal with which he champions them.

The Wilde legend evidently contains much that is false, but when we have deflated its absurdities, Wilde still remains, not merely the writer of several permanently readable books, but also a great personality and a seminal influence of unusual persistence. Still there is much to be gained from listening to the tones in which, across the decades since his death, he addresses our era of varied conformity. "Disobedience," he reminds us, "is man's original virtue. It is through disobedience that progress has been made, through disobedience and through rebellion." Here the best of the nineteenth century speaks through its most wayward representative.

The Reconstruction of a Life

by Robert Parris

THE POWER, the authority, the uncanniness of *Hadrian's Memoirs*—which are not Hadrian's, and therefore, properly speaking, not memoirs—stem from the author's ability to project her conviction,

Hadrian's Memoirs, by Marguerite Yourcenar (Farrar, Straus and Young; $4).

at every word, that she indeed remembers significant details in the life of this emperor of Rome, lived 1800 years ago. Mlle. Yourcenar has been more fortunate than is at first apparent in either expressly digging out, or stumbling upon the life of an ancient figure with which she feels so identified that she can use it as a scaffolding on which to project her own views as Hadrian's, or Hadrian's as her own, with no one being the wiser, or, moreover, wanting to be. Her manipulation of ideas as such testifies to an immense intellectual prowess: stylewise, they blend beautifully with the narrative portions without ever breaking the flow; from a logical point of view, they always seem to appear at the right time; and the millenia separating the author from her subject seldom seem to matter:

> I have always been friend to astronomers and client to astrologers. The science of the latter is questionable, but if false in its details it is perhaps true in the total implication; for if man is part and parcel of the universe, and is ruled by the same laws as govern the sky, it is not unreasonable to search the heavens for the patterns of our lives, and for those impersonal attractions which induce our successes and our errors.

What we have, therefore, in the first

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place, is a work of fiction. And to compose a piece of fiction in the guise of an unlived autobiography and have it come off so spectacularly is a most original *tour de force.*

From the historical standpoint, Mlle. Yourcenar takes the view that, in a work which undertakes the revivification of a personality by the purposeful infusion of the author's will, it is nonetheless comforting to have as much accuracy as possible with regard to the facts, since this will enrich its human significance. But perhaps this is just what is so original about the book's design: the refreshing attitude that the facts help, but prose and poetry have no intention of fighting them. (How many historical novels have we seen whose premises are precisely these, but which fall with an empty clatter because their intentions were quite the contrary?) In the back of the book, the author has included some references to her bibliography and a statement of her modifications of history.

In any discussion of books which are directly concerned with the reconstruction of a historical figure, the *Claudius* novels of Robert Graves will surely come to mind. For those who might suppose that there is only one valid way to handle the problem, as well as for those who are convinced that Graves is uncontestable master of the form, it should be pointed out that Yourcenar's approach could not be more opposed to his, nor is it in any way less successful. If the Graves books are historical novels, Yourcenar's work is a novel of history: Graves demands the facts and uses them as such; Yourcenar treats them more a structure than as content. Graves, in his introduction to *I, Claudius,* calls the work a piece of conversational writing; Yourcenar's novel is in the form of a letter to Hadrian's adopted grandson, Marcus Aurelius, and if the writing is therefore more personal, it is also more formal. One indication of an artist's expertness in handling materials is how the length, tone and scope of any given work is presaged in the opening pages: the symphonic character of Graves' work is apparent immediately; Yourcenar's touch is just as sure, as she serves notice that hers is to be a one-movement piece.

When it comes to a true portrayal of what their subjects really were, however, Yourcenar's autobiographical device is to her disadvantage: Graves, by talking *about,* can do much more in this regard than can any autobiographer, writing from a fixed point in time; the youthful Hadrian sounds much like the old one, except for a rather sudden and self-conscious crankiness, inserted as a sort of temporal prop about two-thirds through. (Another minor irritation is the occasional recurrence of "you" scattered about here and there; it always takes a few seconds to recall the salutation on page one.)

In three hundred pages we have Hadrian's life as the author will have us know him. Her obvious omission of almost all pejorative material is contrived, and therefore justified; this is what she wants him to be like. But in spite of all that remains unsaid, Hadrian remains probably the most liberal and humanitarian of Roman emperors. Mlle. Yourcenar has him say:

> I welcome the description of an elderly prince who is seen going back and forth over all the roads of the earth, descending to the treasures of the mines, reawakening the generative forces of the soil and everywhere establishing peace and prosperity; the initiate who has restored the shrines of all races, and connoisseur in magic arts, the seer who raised a youth to the heavens.

It is most difficult to bear in mind while reading this book that its original language was French, so precise and polished is the translation. Certainly it has been stylistically recomposed; the most expert attempt to preserve the flavor of the original could not arrive at such elegant English usage; strong flavors cancel each other. This is to the great credit of Grace Frick, who collaborated with the author in the Englishing of the book.

German Diplomacy under Hitler

by Claude G. Bowers

IN THE writing of *The Wilhelmstrasse* Paul Seabury had access to secret documents that came into possession of the Allies after the war. He traces the changes in personnel and spirit of the German diplomatic corps from 1871 when the Empire inherited from Prussia a professionally trained permanent bureaucracy, mostly titled, wholly aristocratic, down through the days of the Weimar Republic and its unsuccessful attempt to democratize the service. It was in these days that the old line aristocratic diplomats under-handedly undermined the attempt of Gustav Stresemann to align Germany with the Western democracies; when in association with the extreme nationalists the open road was built for Hitler; and efforts were made to bring about that collaboration with Russia which Hitler momentarily was to realize. Just as the book comes from the press the pathetic figure of the eighty-year-old Constantin von Neurath, who preceded Ribbentrop, emerges from the prison to which the victors in the great war consigned him. His one advantage over his successor was that he was a gentleman, though with many limitations, (his lassitude, frivolity, moral cowardice made a bad impression on the diplomatic corps accredited to Berlin). Even so the foreign diplomats were to recall him with regret when they found Ribbentrop rattling about crazily in the chair of Bismark.

The Wilhelmstrasse, by Paul Seabury (California; $3).

The portrait of Ribbentrop that emerges is perhaps the most interesting part of the book. Stupid and infamous as he was, he was the inevitable product of the totalitarianism he was to do so much to destroy. The Nazi leaders scorned old fashioned diplomacy and despised diplomats in general. To Goering they were "cookie pushers," and Hitler was to say: "I told these Father Christmases that what they were up to was good enough for quiet times when they can all go their sleepy way, but not good enough for the creation of the New Reich." He considered the diplomatic corps "an intellectual garbage dump." Diplomats seemed useless to him since he intended to be his own director of foreign policy, and so he selected for Foreign Minister a man worse than useless.

The emergence of Ribbentrop is one of the hitherto mysterious phases of

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the Nazi regime. He was not unattractive in appearance and he could be pleasant when he wished, but he was no more equipped for the Foreign Ministry than a pig peddler. His selection amazed old diplomats who remembered him as the wine agent who had called upon them. But having married riches, he became a social climber and snob, giving many pretentious dinners and receptions, embarrassing diplomats with gifts of wine, and he was by no means a Nazi when he was discovered by Hitler, since he was a monarchist at heart and he numbered many Jews among his cronies. His extensive journies to foreign capitals on business gave him a superficial insight into foreign affairs, and he issued a newsletter for his customers.

THIS was his status when Hitler was seeking a translater to read him the London papers and Ribbentrop was suggested. He became a constant visitor at the Ribbentrop house, and there, thinks the author, he mastered the etiquette of upper middle-class society, and learned table manners. This house became the meeting place of the parvenues of Berlin society and Nazi party leaders and it was there with von Papen that the bargain was made that raised Hitler to the chancellery.

The wretched impression he made in England, when Ambassador, should have put Hitler on his guard, but Ribbentrop was a fluent liar and a consummate flatterer. Fearing an absence from Hitler's elbow, he spent more time in Germany than at his post until an M.P. in the Commons asked if an Ambassadorship was not a full-time job, and a London paper described him as "The Wandering Aryan." He could not understand Vansittart—because that clever diplomat understood him. He could not understand why the English were not flattered when he promised to protect the British Empire if Hitler were given a free hand in Europe. His failure to wangle an invitation for Hitler to visit London appalled him, and he capped the climax of Nazi stupidity by giving the Nazi salute to the King at Buckingham Palace.

The author's tracing of the shifting between the diplomats and the Party leaders is fascinating. Ribbentrop was nervous because he had not been a Nazi from the beginning and he knew that Goering and Goebbels despised him, so at first he subordinated the foreign office to the Party. From time to time he trimmed his sails to meet the passing breeze, but when Hitler's Anschluss came without his foreknowledge or that of the foreign office his vanity was touched and he declared that never again would the Wilhelmstrasse be ignored. He turned on Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry, on Himmler's police, on Hess, created a press bureau of his own in opposition to that of Goebbels and in the fierce battle that ensued Hitler had to pour oil on troubled waters. And thereafter he guarded the door to Hitler like a watchdog, determined to keep views opposed to his own from his chief.

When the German Ambassador in London appeared with a personal letter to Hitler from Chamberlain it was weeks before it could be delivered. Ribbentrop even refused to receive the British Ambassador with his ultimatum (which was finally left with a subordinate). He had assured Hitler that England would not fight and the ultimatum stunned him. When he read it to his chief, Hitler sat silent as one "turned to stone," and then turning to the Minister he asked: "What next?" Standing at a window looking out Ribbentrop replied: "I assume the French will bring a similar ultimatum within an hour." When war came he followed Hitler over Europe in a special train, but when the end came he did not join him in the great building that was to stand "for a thousand years." He went into hiding and was found living with a divorcee in a Hamburg flat. He is one victim of the war crime trials over whose fate no tears are shed.

He and the Party had demoralized the Wilhelmstrasse to the point of disintegration; none of the foreign service men felt secure from hour to hour; it had long been dangerous to venture advice or an opinion lest it run counter to an extremist's wish and mean ruin. Here is a lesson for the American people since the vicious crusade against the State Department has reduced the morale of the trained men there to the lowest level it has known—and for much the same reason.

A World of Thought and Imagination

by Kathleen Raine

THERE are two kinds of record that may be called biography: one is the history of the temporal personality, the mask that passes through the measurable world, and whose story is of places visited, people encountered, passages of wit. Such a biography is usually entertaining, a depiction of personalities and occasions that can evoke a period or a class, caught in the camera-eye of the narrator of memories—one thinks of the autobiographies of Sir Osbert Sitwell. The other record is the story of the essential self, who may be absent altogether from the masker that comes and goes in the world, or only intermittently identified with its actions. Observers may truly say that the temporal man was at such a place at such a time; but who can say what thoughts occupied the essential self, who is not subject to time and place, and who may experience in a dream, or a moment of solitary illumination the fulness of its life; or, on the contrary, pass through days or years without participating in the life of the mask. Edwin Muir's *Autobiography*, like those of Yeats and of Coleridge, tells the story of the inner man. In anecdotes of eminent personalities—although in the course of his life Dr. Muir has met any number of them—this autobiography is uneventful; but in those experiences—dreams, illuminations, moments of vision—by which the human being grows towards its full stature; and in those human relationships that are private and lifelong, it is rich. Such an autobiography is akin to poetry, for it tells of experiences in the world of thought and imagination.

An Autobiography, by Edwin Muir (Sloane; $4).

The conscientious researcher who comes later to fill in the temporal events that Coleridge did not record in his *Biographia* or Yeats in *Hodos Chameleontos* can add little or nothing to our

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essential knowledge of the real lives of the poets.

Life is a secret and hidden process, a mystery; how, Edwin Muir asks, are we to begin to record it?

> We extend far beyond any boundary line which we can set for ourselves in the past and the future, and the life of every man is an endlessly repeated life of man. It is clear . . . that no autobiography can confine itself to conscious life, and that sleep, in which we pass a third of our existence, is a mode of experience, and our dreams a part of reality. In themselves our conscious lives may not be particularly interesting. But what we are not and can never be, our fable, seems to me inconceivably interesting. I should like to write that fable, but I cannot even live it; and all I could do if I related the outward course of my life would be to show how I had deviated from it; though even that is impossible since I do not know the fable or anyone who knows it.

The first part of the present autobiography was published as *The Story and the Fable* in 1940; and the discovery of the unknown fable has been Edwin Muir's quest as a symbolist poet; he has given us much of it. But in real life, what is important is the interplay of story and fable. His life is not only a record of a particular life, but an attempt to discover what life itself is.

YET it would be wrong to suggest that Muir's autobiography is so personal and private a record as to set him outside the events of his time; still less that there has ever, for him, been any question of a subjective world. On the contrary, few men have suffered more, in poverty and other temporal hardship, illness and death among those nearest to him, in the absence of any friend, or any of those opportunities that set the young upon their way. The surprising thing is that he ever survived his youth at all. From a boyhood in the Orkneys, where his father was a small farmer, who failed after a long struggle, Edwin Muir came, in his early teens, to Glasgow, there to be subjected to all the dehumanizing forces of a competitive struggle for survival, breeding brutality and loss of self respect in the working-classes under conditions imposed by capitalist society and the machine.

For years Edwin Muir worked quietly but determinedly for the Socialist cause, during the worst years of unemployment. Decidedly, Glasgow was no Ivory Tower. His marriage to Willa Muir, the lifelong partner of all his literary work, terminated his personal bondage. Willa Muir's Viking courage, and her faith in the poet he had not yet become, made his marriage a turning point not only in personal happiness but in creative power. One wonders whether, without Willa Muir there would ever have been Edwin Muir the poet. Edwin and Willa Muir left Glasgow behind like a nightmare; Edwin Muir, alone, was too patient and gentle a character even to think of escaping from the horribly squalid bone-yard, filled with the stench of corruption, where he worked as a clerk; and yet coming to London was not, after all, difficult. The Muirs found friends wherever they travelled, in London, then Germany, Italy, and Czechoslovakia, where they lived by translating. We owe them the fine translations of Kafka that first made his genius known to English-speaking readers. They were less stormy nomads than D. H. Lawrence and Frieda, but, like them, two people who had "come through." Europe was no more an Ivory Tower than Glasgow had been: the poet and his wife saw the beginnings of Nazism in the countries they had come to love; and when, after the Second World War, Dr. Muir returned to Prague as head of the British Institute, they saw its end-results, the destruction of a way of life that had seemed good and human; and in the early phases of Communism, they seemed to recognize the germs of the same inhumanity. The poet who as a young man in Glasgow had come near to breakdown through his own and his family's personal suffering under the conditions of a great modern city, was, after his second visit to Prague, near to being crushed by a greater despair for the suffering world.

EDWIN MUIR'S refusal to despair has been heroic. It is the measure, not only of his own greatness, but of the greatness of man, for it has been the Fable, and not the Story, from which the poet has drawn strength. As a young man in Glasgow he battled with the nightmare of a materialist vision that sees mankind as "merely animals furnished with human faculties, as with weapons, which they can take up or lay down at will." It is unnatural in man to be merely "natural," like the Bastard in *King Lear*; and in the philosophy of Communism Edwin Muir finds again that unnatural perversion that sees man as having no supernatural and hence no room for forgiveness. "To think in such ways either kills or falsifies the imagination. It is easy for the false imagination to hate a whole class; it is hard for the true imagination to hate a single human being." Edwin Muir is essentially a religious man; but although he was to find in Italy a symbolism of divine incarnation full for the profound beauty and meaning of the Fable, his Christianity has little to do with churches.

HAD he remained in the Orkneys, where the tradition of a pastoral life still lingers, though as everywhere else in the world, rapidly losing ground—he might have lived the fable, but left no record of it. Had he been born in Glasgow, he might have made his way to London, like other "provincial" young men with literary ambition; but then he would not have possessed as his birthright the key to the Fable. What sets him apart is his heritage of the age-old traditional ways and values of pre-industrial man, a culture now almost extinct even in Ireland (where Yeats still found it) Wales (where Dylan Thomas picked up its last echoes) and in the north and west of Scotland, where it has survived a hundred years longer than in most parts of England—a reason no doubt why the best English poetry of this century has come from these three countries. The late rivalry between so-called "provincial" and "metropolitan" writers is a very shallow affair indeed, a struggle of competitive ambition involving no deep difference of values (unless class is considered to be such).

Dr. Muir can no more be called a "provincial" writer than can Yeats; yet he has brought from his Orkney childhood, remote from the metropolis in much more than distance, the essential images of his symbolism, and imaginative values of which both London and the provincial cities are alike ignorant. He has never disowned his past, ascending some imagined ladder of fame; it is by keeping his roots that he has been able to write poetry that in its imaginative . . . no other living poet has equalled.

But if Orkney gave him an imagery of Eden, it is not that life is less ardu-

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ous or less tragic in the remote farms and crofting townships of Scotland than in any modern city—rather the reverse. Whatever is hard, or tragic, remains within a conception of man's inherent dignity and supernatural destiny that the modern world is in danger of losing altogether. But even in the cities, even in the years of Belsen and Buchenwald, Edwin Muir has never consented to see man as less than he has seemed to Plato and Plotinus, or to the anonymous authors of the sagas and ballads, his natural and spiritual ancestors.

From the New Nineteenth Century

by Michael Harrington

IN 1890, George Macdonald, a minister who had been driven from his pulpit years before for his non-conformist opinions, and then become a writer, took the old legend of Adam's first wife, Lilith, and made it the basis of a strange allegorical novel. His wife did not want the book to be published. Her reluctance at that time is a partial explanation of the appearance, and appeal, of *Lilith* in our own time—but only a partial explanation.

The Visionary Novels of George Macdonald, edited by Anne Fremantle, with an introduction by W. H. Auden (Noonday; $5).

Macdonald is part of the new nineteenth century, the one which has been created in the twentieth. He shares with Baudelaire, Kierkegaard, Sade and the modern Dickens, the Dickens of the Inns of Chancery in *Bleak House,* a terrifyingly immediate sense of evil. As such, he is part of a trend, and the quotation from C. S. Lewis on the dust-jacket comparing him to Kafka and Novalis is almost inevitable. Yet, his participation in the contemporary past is more or less confined to this one aspect; in all other respects, he remains the non-conformist.

For the method of these Visionary Novels (*Lilith,* and his first book, *Phantastes*) owes as much to Bunyan's allegory and the world of Alice in Wonderland as it does to any dark, prophetic tradition. Indeed, method is central to Macdonald, arising out of his subject matter.

The principal underlying theme of *Lilith* is a distrust of reason, a feeling for ambiguity, and resolution by way of fideism. The narrative technique of the novel and the discursiveness of the essay are both unequal to such a vision. Rather Macdonald expresses himself in a dreamlike allegory.

Thus in *Lilith,* Mr. Vane, the hero, is guided by Raven, who tells him, ". . . you and I use the same words with different meanings. We are often unable to tell people what they need to know, because they want to know something else. . . ." And a little later, Macdonald himself interrupts the narrative to remark that he must present reality "in the forms and language of life in this world. . . While without a doubt, for instance, that I was actually regarding a scene of activity, I might be, at the same moment, in my consciousness aware that I was perusing a metaphysical argument."

In *Lilith,* this allegorical method succeeds. Mr. Vane journeys from Adam's cottage to the Bad Burrow, the Dry River, the Evil Wood and finally to Bulika City. In his travels, he meets the evil Princess, the Little Ones, who are children who do not grow up, and various leeches, tigers and snakes. The action takes place within the framework of Christian mystical theology, though not without an occasional glimpse of Robert Graves' White Goddess.

What makes all of this more than a children's story or a simple allegory is Macdonald's own sense of ambiguity. For instance, at the very end of the novel when the evil Princess, Lilith, has been vanquished and is about to be saved, the party passes across the Dry River in which water now flows. "I gazed into its pellucid depths. A whirlpool had swept out the soil in which the abortions burrowed, and at the bottom lay visible the whole horrible brood: a dim greenish light pervaded the crystalline water, and revealed every hideous form beneath it. . . . Not one of them moved . . . but they were not dead."

This ambiguity—here present in the fact that evil is not totally conquered at the end of the book and is "not dead"—gives a certain subtlety to all of the action. The evil Princess is seen in her beauty, the shy little children are described as stunted by their very charm, and at the end of his adventure, Mr. Vane still considers the possibility that his whole experience might have been a dream. Because of this basic approach, the caricatures and pure types into which allegory can so easily fall are avoided.

And this same sense of ambiguity accounts for the surprisingly modern ring of Macdonald's major themes. If his sense of sin looks back to Calvinism, it also anticipates neo-orthodoxy and even religious existentialism. Thus, he is concerned with questions like the definition of self, of place ("*Where* are we? To be or not to be, is *not* the question."), and the meaning of death.

One of the most exciting scenes in the book is an example of this quality. Lilith, the evil Princess, is to be brought to the house of Adam and Eve. Mara, the Mother of Sorrows, is trying to prepare her for the spiritual journey which she must make. If the Princess is to find peace, she must open her clenched hand. Macdonald writes:

> A horrible Nothingness, a Negation positive enfolded her. '. . . It was not the absence of everything I felt, but the presence of Nothing. The princess dashed herself from the settle to the floor with an exceeding great and bitter cry. It was the recoil of Being

The End of the Library

When the coal
Gave out, we began
Burning the books, one by one;
First the set
Of Bulwer-Lytton
And then the Walter Scott.
They gave a lot of warmth.
Toward the end, in
February, flames
Consumed the Greek
Tragedians and Baudelaire,
Proust, Robert Burton
And the Po-Chu-i. Ice
Thickened on the sills.
More for the sake of the cat,
We said, than for ourselves,
Who huddled, shivering,
Against the stove
All winter long.

WELDON KEES

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from Anihilation. "For Pity's sake," she shriked, [sic] "tear my heart out, but let me live."

And it is this cry which gives her peace.

A little later, the modern reference is even more specific. Macdonald says that the Princess' hand is clenched "upon existent Nothing—her inheritance." It is, of course, obvious, that a minister trained in theology need not have any prophetic powers in order to possess such ideas. Yet the exact manner of Macdonald's presentation, and the time in which he was writing, do make this work unexpectedly modern, and in this respect his allegory has an appeal to us similar to that of Kierkegaard.

But to return to my original point, the important thing about *Lilith* is not that it participates in a trend. To this fact we may owe its appearance at this time (and indeed, there is a debt owing to Ann Fremantle who edited the book and to Auden who wrote the Introduction). What is essential is that *Lilith* is a fascinating book in its own right, as is the companion novel in this volume, *Phantastes,* though much less so. And here we encounter the peculiar quality of Macdonald's personal genius.

Lilith is not a book which contains the massive intuitions of good and evil that are in Dostoevsky; or their perverse sense, as in Sade, their discursive theology as in Kierkegaard. It is different from all of these. Here, good and evil are presented in a strange, dreamlike allegory which never descends to the level of typology. The magic rests, more than any place else, in a sense of ambiguity, the success is to have contained such elusiveness within the fairly rigid structure which allegory demands. And this is an individual achievement, perhaps not of major proportions, but nevertheless a unique and worthwhile achievement.

Mysticism and Reason

by John M. Krumm

THIS is one of a series of books intended "to reveal basic new trends in modern civilization, to interpret the creative forces at work today in religion, politics, the arts and sciences, and to contribute to a deeper understanding of the interrelation of men and the universe, the individual and society, and of the values shared by all people." It is a serene and essentially untroubled book, in which some of the traditional "arguments" for God together with some fresh and suggestive approaches to the question of God's existence are explored with a skill and a power of expression that we have come to expect from Maritain. His treatment of St. Thomas Aquinas' five traditional arguments is masterly in its condensation and clarity. The argument from contingent being, for example, is given this admirable exposition: "Imagine a time without beginning or end; imagine that there was nevertheless absolutely nothing necessary, either in time or above time: It is then impossible that there *always* was being, for that for which there is *no necessity* cannot have been *always*. It is inevitable then that at a certain moment nothing would have existed. But 'if for one moment there be nothing, there will be nothing eternally' [the quotation is from Bossuet], for nothing can come into existence except through something already existing. And therefore right now nothing would be existing." The conclusion is inescapable: Necessary Being does exist.

Approaches to God, by Jacques Maritain (in The World Perspective Series, edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen—Harper; $2.50).

Maritain does more, however, than give St. Thomas persuasive re-statement. He calls attention to what he calls a "Prephilosophic knowledge" of God, a knowledge which results from "three leaps" by which "the intellect moves first to actual existence, asserting itself independently of me; and then from this sheer objective existence to my own threatened existence; and finally from my existence, spoiled with nothingness, to absolute existence." He also goes on to elaborate a "sixth way," following on from St. Thomas' five arguments. The "sixth way" is in effect an intuition of eternity which arises from the experience of being "immersed in the fire of knowledge and of intellectual grasp of what is" and finding it impossible to suppose that "what is now thinking was not at all, was a pure nothing." Therefore, Maritain argues, I must suppose that "I had an eternal existence in God before receiving a temporal existence in my own nature. . . . "

In addition, there are indicated the "ways of the practical intellect": the approach to God in poetic experience the approach to God in moral experience; "the testimony of the friends of God" ("An act of true goodness . . . is the best proof of the existence of God . . . Therefore, we believe . . . on the testimony of those in whom true goodness shines.")

Many who will be charmed and delighted with the beauty and proportion of the arguments and with Maritain's obvious mastery and perception in the use of his materials will be only wistful and nostalgic about his central assurance and trust in the priority and integrity of man's reason. This approach to God is a calm and untroubled one, proceeding by reflection and rational argument. But many have found God only in an agony of need, after groping through great darkness and wrestling with the evil and meaninglessness of existence. For disciples such as these the quiet assurance of a Maritain, as some one has put it "admits of no answer but produces no conviction." Their patron saint may be —not St. Thomas Aquinas—but an unnamed figure in the New Testament who said to Jesus: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Incidentally, a nice example of the quiet and placid quality of Maritain's mind is afforded by his description of the task of the poet as a "pacific, tranquil concentration which involves no tension." Such a description is a revealing contrast to Soren Kierkegaard's well-known description of the poet as "an unhappy creature, whose heart is tortured by deepest suffering, but whose lips are so formed that when his sighs and cries stream out over them, their sound becomes like the sound of beautiful music." Some of the forthcoming volumes in The World Perspective Series promise to speak more persuasively to some of us who find Kierkegaard's insight into the vocation of the poet and into existence as a whole a more congenial and persuasive one than Maritain's.

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Christmas Books

THE BOOKS most suitable for Christmas giving are the luxury books that one covets but hesitates to buy. They are seldom controversial and rarely discussed in these columns.

Art books, for instance, are luxuries; by far the most luxurious of these are the publications of Skira, which fall into three categories: first, a series of color print portfolios, each devoted to one artist, each containing six loose reproductions suitable for framing, together with biographical and critical material, and each available at $1.50. New portfolios are devoted to Braque, Dufy, Matisse, Picasso, Miro and Klee. Then there is a series of sumptuous little books devoted to "Taste in Our Time"—the most recent additions are Dufy and Cézanne ($4.95 each). Skira's big project is the richly illustrated "Great Centuries of Painting" series. *Gothic Painting* and *Egyptian Painting* are the newest titles. These books sell for $20 apiece and must cost nearly that much to produce.

Other good art books of the current season include Alfred Barr's *Masters of Modern Art* (Simon and Schuster—Museum of Modern Art; $12.50); George Ferguson's *Signs and Symbols of Christian Art* (Oxford; $10); Miguel Covarrubias' *The Eagle, the Jaguar and the Serpent* (Knopf; $15); *50 Centuries of Art*, by Francis Henry Taylor (Harper; $5); and Frank Lloyd Wright's *The Natural House* (Horizon; $6.50). Saul Steinberg's collection called *The Passport* (Harper; $5) and Ronald Searle's *The Female Approach* (Knopf; $3.50) should, of course, be in every home. *The Girl in the Abstract Bed*, a lively spoof with a text by Vance Bourjaily and drawings by Tobias Schneebaum (Tiber; $5) defies categorization; most good book-stores will have it.

The most fussed-over books of poetry during the past year have been, in order of their appearance, Marianne Moore's translation of La Fontaine's Fables (Viking; $5), the collected poems of Wallace Stevens (Knopf; $7.50) and *Poems 1923-1954* by e e cummings (Harcourt, Brace; $6.75). Brilliant collections by Leonie Adams, Louise Bogan, Padraic Colum, Barbara Howes, Rolfe Humphries, Weldon Kees and James Stephens have also appeared in recent months. Two posthumous works of Dylan Thomas, neither of them representative of his best efforts, have appeared: *The Doctor and the Devils* (New Directions; $2.50) and *Under Milkwood* (New Directions; $3).

NR reviewers panned four significant novels *A Fable*, by William Faulkner (Random House; $4.75), *The World in the Evening*, by Christopher Isherwood (Random House; $3.50), Randall Jarrell's *Pictures from an Institution* (Knopf; $3.50) and *The Black Swan*, by Thomas Mann (Knopf; $2.75). Everybody interested in modern literature will want to read these books and judge for himself. NR critics admired *The Horsemen on the Roof*, by Jean Giono (Knopf; $4), *The Go-Between*, by L. P. Hartley (Knopf; $3.50), *Philosopher or Dog*, by Machado de Assis (Noonday; $3.50), *The Joker*, by Jean Malaquais (Doubleday; $3.95), and *Sweet Thursday*, by John Steinbeck (Viking; $3.50).

Handsome collections of short fiction include *Someone Like You*, by Ronald Dahl (Knopf; $4) *The Eternal Smile*, by Par Lagerkvist (Random House; $4.50), *Three by Tey* (Macmillan; $3.95) and Evelyn Waugh's *Tactical Exercise* (Little, Brown; $3.75).

During the first two years of the Eisenhower Administration several former officials of the New and Fair Deals wrote what-I-did-and-why-I-did-it type books. These vary in scope from Alben Barkley's folksy memoir, *That Reminds Me* (Doubleday; $5) to serious and carefully thought out books like *My Mission to Spain*, by Claude G. Bowers (Simon and Schuster; $6) and Chester Bowles' *Ambassador's Report* (Harper; $4). Other distinguished new political books are *But We Were Born Free*, by Elmer Davis (Bobbs-Merrill $2.75), *Adventures in Politics*, by Richard Neuberger (Oxford; $3.50) and *A Call to Greatness*, by Adlai Stevenson. Thoughtful books in related fields are *God's Country and Mine*, by Jacques Barzun (Little, Brown; $5), *The Challenge of Man's Future*, by Harrison Brown (Viking; $3.75), *The American People in the 20th Century*, by Oscar Handlin (Harvard; $3.75), *Company Manners*, by Louis Kronenberger (Bobbs-Merrill; $3), and *Individualism Reconsidered*, by David Riesman (Free Press; $6), and Thomas K. Finletter's brilliant *Power and Policy* (Harcourt, Brace; $4.50).

Frank Freidel has published another volume of his monumental biography of FDR (Little, Brown; $6); on a smaller scale, Lela Stiles has written an attractive and useful biography of Louis McHenry Howe, *The Man Behind Roosevelt* (World; $4.75). Arthur Koestler, with *The Invisible Writing* (Macmillan; $5) ostensibly completed his autobiography, as did Sean O'Casey with *Sunset and Evening Star* (Macmillan; $4.75). Virginia Woolf's diary (Harcourt, Brace; $5), George Eliot's letters (Yale; $20) and Ellen Glasgow's autobiography (Harcourt, Brace; $5) have given scholars a field day. Lord David Cecil's biography of Melbourne (Bobbs-Merrill; $5) is clearly one of the admirable books of the year.

A Study of History, by Arnold Toynbee, has been completed, and the last four volumes published (Oxford; $35). Three important philosophic works of interest to the lay reader are *The Rebel*, by Albert Camus (Knopf; $4), *Approaches to God*, by Jacques Maritain (Harper; $2) and *In the Name of Sanity*, by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace; $3.75).

One of the most attractive books in many years—and it should be of interest to everyone who eats food—is *The Alice B. Toklas Cookbook* (Harper; $4).

The Dramatic Event, by Eric Bentley (Horizon Press; $3.50), *The Arts at Mid-century*, edited by Robert Richman (Horizon; $5) and *Trial by Television*, by Michael Straight (Beacon; $3) are all drawn, in the main, from material which first appeared in *The New Republic*. Parts of *The Literary Situation*, by Malcolm Cowley (Viking; $3.75), *A Treasury of Yiddish Stories*, edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg (Viking; $5.95) and *The Creative Element* by Stephen Spender (British Book Centre; $3) have also appeared in this magazine.

Notes on the Critics

GEORGE WOODCOCK is the author of a book about Oscar Wilde. ROBERT PARRIS is a free-lance writer. CLAUDE G. BOWERS was US Ambassador to Republican Spain. KATHLEEN RAINE'S newest collection of poems is *The Pythoness*. MICHAEL HARRINGTON is a frequent contributor to American periodicals. JOHN KRUMM is the Chaplain of Columbia University.

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CORRESPONDENCE

► Happy Birthday to Us

SIRS:

On November 17, 1954, salutations to *The New Republic,* a journal that has nobly represented the honorable dissenters and non-conformists of America.

CARL SANDBURG

Flat Rock, N. C.

We wish to thank our friends and well-wishers for their warm response to NR's *40th Anniversary.*

—The Editors

► The Ghost at the Banquet

SIRS:

Although I disagree as strongly as Mr. Michael Straight himself, and for the identical reasons, with Mr. Richard Crossman's arrogantly self-righteous appraisal of American and international affairs, it seems to me that Mr. Straight's penitent humility (The Ghost at the Banquet, *New Republic,* November 22) is equally unrealistic, carries ominous implications and the seed for a counter-posing smugness.

"On most of the occasions on which I differed with the majority of Americans I can see now that the majority was right and I was wrong," Mr. Straight writes. It is regrettable that he does not submit, on this score, a bill of particulars. It would seem that most issues, from the Civil War down through the 1940s, on which our country has made progress, were first initiated by the few.

There is a clear distinction, furthermore, between the early American liberal, and down through the first several decades of this century, and the liberal of the thirties. The early liberal was a pragmatist, the latter-day liberal a dogmatist; the first—a votary, the latter-day liberal—an exhibitionist, the first—humble, the latter—arrogant. The early liberal settled down in the mining districts and in the tenement areas of our cities, lived with the people under their own circumstances, and performed, humbly, the tedious chores of the voluntary settlement house worker, before social work became a professional guild. Compassion was his major characteristic. Trust in the capacity of the average man for ennoblement was another characteristic.

The liberal of the 1930s was another breed. He was cynical, supercilious, readily accepted the creed that, for their own good, it might be necessary to hoodwink the masses. He did not live under their conditions—unless he was born in them, and then he was not liberal, but radical—he slummed among the masses. He dismissed tedious, settlement-house-type chores on behalf of the underprivileged as mere "social reformism," which he branded as hopeless and deceptive. He developed a passion for getting himself arrested, in rowdy demonstrations and thus acquiring a measure and type of notoriety which his social status within the liberal circle in which he moved seemed to require. He was rather wary of sacrifice, expert at declaiming allegiances and at passing harsh and unqualified judgements upon political and labor leaders directly engaged in dealing with daily problems—on this last score Mr. Straight's analysis, incidentally, is most effective. The liberal of the 1930s, far from being compassionate, was self-righteous, and self-centered instead of guilt-ridden.

Unfortunately, this absence of compassion and direct identification with the man in the street, this predilection for identification with causes, not people, has remained with the liberal, even with such disenchanted groups as Americans for Democratic Action. It has been a common complaint of the more "common breed" of liberal that identification with Americans for Democratic Action is rebuffed on the local level, that the branches are indeed exclusive clubs and special social endowments are required for acceptance. This attitude is a legacy from united front days. It is also anti-intellectual as is every alienation from the mass of people, whether by Communists or anti-Communists.

Mr. Straight, conversely, seems unaware that this country's foreign policy in the early years of the Roosevelt Administration inadvertently helped Communist recruitment because the policy did not respond to the strong liberal feeling against Nazism. Cordell Hull's reciprocal trade agreements with Nazi Germany were a depressant upon the liberal mood, as was his unwarranted apology for Mayor LaGuardia's statements about Hitler. In a democracy, there is no call for the federal government to apologize for the views of a private citizen, and, as regards the federal government's competence, LaGuardia's status was not that of a government official.

I am afraid also that the "positivism," the over-emphasis by secularists on the scientific and dismissal of the metaphysical has also contributed toward the disorientation of the American liberal mind. The human quotient became less important than the formula, and this prepared the American liberal's mind for "scientific" socialism. Mr. Straight dismisses too lightly the perils inherent in the mass communication media. TV, for one, has provided the American salesman, our own version of Orwell's thought controller, with an opportunity to invade man's private precincts and has converted the entire country into a captive audience. We are now under the rule of the advertising account executive, more dangerous than a political demagogue can ever be. He has enlisted even psychologists to assist him in this Pavlovian assault on the American mind and soul, and to probe the deeper recesses of the mind for the purpose of expanding our economy by imposing factitious standards. This is outside the American tradition of an earlier day; it is purely a product of that unfortunate aberration, the Reconstructionist period and the "Robber barons."

Mr. Straight cannot identify himself with this type of America anymore than with Communism. He should make that clear then and state that what he seeks is a return to an earlier idealism, adjusted to present conditions.

I concur with Mr. Straight when he writes of Crossman: "So I don't believe in Mr. Crossman's vision. I don't recognize the land he describes." However, neither do I wholly recognize the land Mr. Straight describes. I do not recognize the men and women he describes in the composition of Americans for Democratic Action. The others, the larger numbers, seem, by all reports, to be passive, indifferent, and worse than isolationists—complete introverts, eager for the moorings of their own private harbors. They have not faith. They are products, most definitely, of an inferior kind of positivism, which is analogous to expediency.

JUDD L. TELLER

New York City

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► Not So Deep as a Well

SIRS:

Mr. Ridgely Cummings (*NR*, November 15) may know very well the significance of Sears and the remarkableness of Roebuck. But apparently he needs a refresher course in his Shakespeare.

So, as one Cummings to another, may I suggest that he reread *Romeo and Juliet*, III, ii, 95-102, and find out that it was Mercutio, not Tybalt, who, answering a friend's question about his hurt, remarked, " 'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve." And by the way, he will note that it was Romeo who asked the question and who, having asked it, sped on to avenge Mercutio by slaying Tybalt.

HUBERTIS CUMMINGS

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

► More Light on Dixon-Yates

SIRS:

You state in "Behind the Headlines" of November 15 that the Bureau of the Budget Director Hughes, testifying before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy on the Dixon-Yates contract, "proved to be as inept a witness as reporters could remember." This is the same Mr. Hughes who, testifying before the Joint Committee on the Economic Report on February 1, 1954 on how the Federal Budget is prepared, said, "We do not hold ourselves out as economic experts." However he indicated at that time that a knowledge of football is required, since "it is our function to work with all the others as a joint part of the team just the same as the quarterback and the ends and everybody else on the football team have to work together in getting the ball down the field."

SIDNEY KORETZ

Washington, D. C.

► The Lattimore Charges

SIRS:

Mr. Eustace Seligman's point (*NR*, November 15) is as elusive as it is confusing.

He levels strictures at your Washington Wire (*NR*, November 1) for the statement that "Lattimore was indicted on the ground that he was a Communist sympathizer" and re-indicted on the ground that he "followed the Communist line." Mr. Seligman characterizes these observations as overstatements and then proceeds to make what he describes as a "fundamental" distinction between what you wrote and Lattimore's alleged misstatements to the effect that he had not in his opinion shown himself in his writings to be a Communist sympathizer or a follower of the Communist line.

A jury will be asked to determine . . . whether Lattimore is guilty of perjury with respect to his opinions.

I believe it was Mill who once wrote of the deep slumber of a decided opinion. Lattimore is to be taught through a jury's verdict that the only sin which we never forgive in each other is difference of opinion. It will all be dressed up in respectable outer-garments. There will be a formal solemn time dealing with alleged false swearing as to facts rather than views. But in the final analysis Lattimore's opinions of yesteryear will be on trial tomorrow in a current court of public opinion.

ABRAHAM WILSON

New York City

► Evelyn Waugh's Intentions

SIRS:

"Louis O. Coxe is a poet and playwright." (*NR*, November 8) I am neither. I take it he belongs to the English-speaking-and-writing-world. I do not. However, I shall attempt an amateurish defense of Evelyn Waugh's work, so badly treated by Mr. Coxe's review of *Tactical Exercise*.

I agree that this collection, or recollection, of stories is not the happiest of Mr. Waugh's literary adventures. But Mr. Coxe has chosen this opportunity to tear apart the whole output and outlook of the author. He finds that Waugh writes "satire without moral center," which is "not satire but at best a protracted sneer." Apparently, Mr. Coxe cannot appreciate a fable if it has no moral; the point is that Waugh writes on the assumption (mistaken at times) that his readers are mature enough to guess the moral all by themselves. Of course, if they cannot or will not, no wonder that they compare him to P. G. Wodehouse.

Then, Mr. Coxe gives us the clue to his unfortunate shortcoming. He says: "The religious intrusion that so embarrassingly destroys *Brideshead Revisited*," etc. Embarrassing for Mr. Coxe, perhaps, but not for any one who cares to see what the point of the whole book is. It is precisely a vindication of the spiritual in the "demi ange, demi bête" that we see the same theme (not a minor theme, I daresay, nor one which stands aloof from morality in the most earnest sense of the word) recur throughout Mr. Waugh's writings.

To quote Mr. Coxe, "when one has said this much, one has in a sense said all" (one hopes). Do I need to add that *Love Among the Ruins* is not just a rehash of Huxley and Orwell? Whoever thinks this little masterpiece of satire is out-dated live too far in the future or in the past to be writing about books published in this world, in 1954. Again, do I need to enter into details?

Of course, Mr. Coxe himself provides the master key to his bitter puritannical tirade, when he writes: "Must we all . . . join his secret society of pure English Roman Catholics, a club that reminds one more of some sort of cross between the Knights of Columbus and Skull and Bone than it does of an ecumenical church?" If such a cross gives forth such peculiar animals as Chesterton, Belloc, Newman, Greene and . . . Waugh (to say the least), let us have more of those "crosses"!

Evelyn Waugh is not a right-thinking, full-blooded 100-percent God-fearing satirist; he does not think "the people" are just fine. Therefore, down with Waugh! Well, perhaps just another martyr. . . . Fortunately, Mr. Coxe is no Roman lion.

ENRIQUE VERA-VILLALOBOS

New York City

► New Rewhatlic?

SIRS:

Could you by any chance be induced to at least consider changing the name of your journal to *"New Democrat"*? Possibly you can imagine how disconcerted I was today when a Democratic friend asked me if that was a Republican periodical I was reading!

D. I. FITZSIMMONS

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

MAGAZINE

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